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These are the Lines that ſhew thy Face; but thoſe
That ſhew thy Grace and Glory, brighter bee:
Thy Faire-Diſcoueries and Fowle-Overthrowes
Of Salvages, much Civilliz'd by thee
Beſt ſhew thy Spirit; and to it Glory Wyn;
So, thou art Braſſe without, but Golde within.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

BY

A. G. BRADLEY

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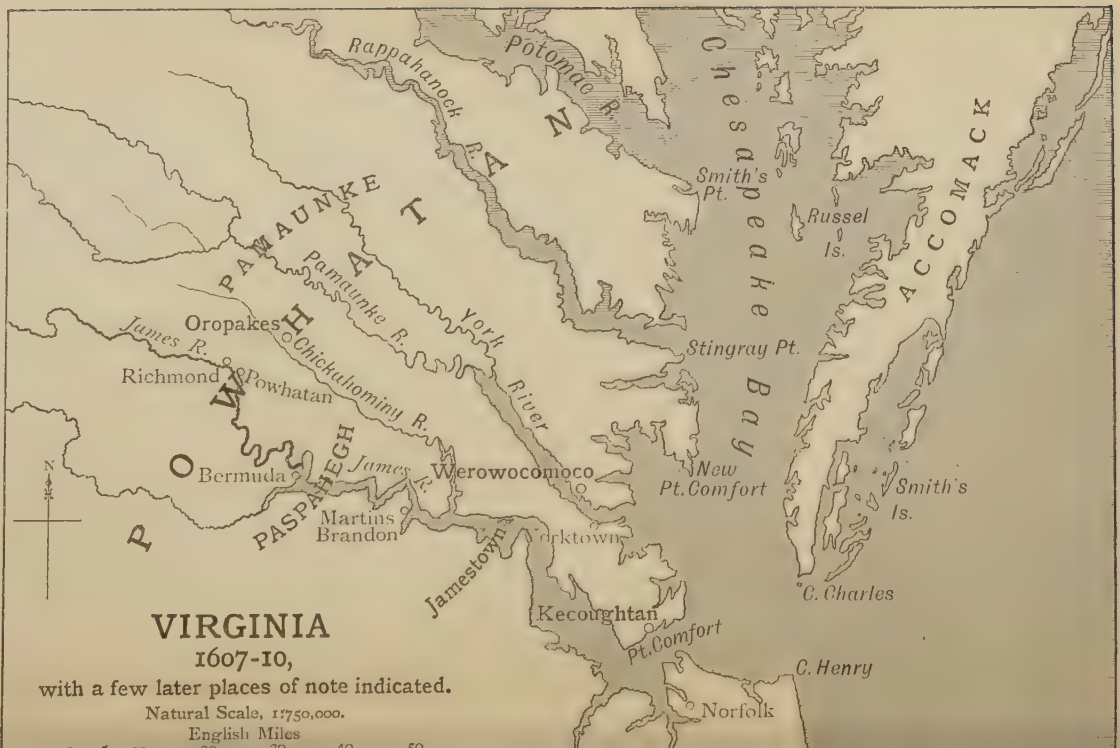

VIRGINIA
1607-10,
with a few later places of note indicated.

Natural Scale, 1:750,000.
English Miles

CHAPTER I

YOUTH AND EARLY ADVENTURES IN EUROPE

If the men of Devon may justly claim pre-eminence in that seafaring enterprise which so illuminates the Elizabethan period, Lincolnshire had no small share in the yet more practical work for which it paved the way. If the name of the most interesting of North American cities were not sufficiently suggestive of the connection between New England and the great East Anglian county, the fact of its having produced John Smith, the virtual founder of Virginia and all that Virginia means, would give it enough distinction in this particular path of honour.

From a picturesque point of view Lincolnshire has but little reputation, yet there is always a fine and generous breadth about its landscape. When flat it sweeps away for the most part to a far horizon and groans with plenty, while its single range of hills, the Wolds, dividing the county from north to south, gives its topography as a whole distinction and character. The large population which, since the Napoleonic wars, have grown wheat and barley on these once wild uplands look out into the blue distance over such a prospect as

no other part of East Anglia can supply for lack of a similar elevation. Ethnology and etymology, too, are in this stronghold of Danish settlement matters of abiding interest, and amidst a score of neighbouring villages with the familiar Danish termination stands that of Willoughby, where John Smith was born.

Willoughby is of neither more nor less account to-day than hundreds of other villages situated in districts which once gloried in their harvests, and have since endured upon that account the greater sorrows, and form a fruitful theme for the prescriptions of the rural economist. It is situated at the very foot of the eastern slope of the Wolds and about two miles from the little town of Alford. Our hero's baptismal entry on the registers of Willoughby parish church describes him as John the son of George Smith, and the date of his baptism is January 9th, 1580 (new style). His father, he tells us himself, "was anciently descended from the ancient Smiths of Crudely in Lancashire," and his mother was of the Rickards at Great Heck in Yorkshire. But the George Smith who chiefly matters here was a yeoman, occupying a copyhold farm near the village under Lord Willoughby, and the proprietor of a few tenements of his own as well. I have called him a yeoman for the simple reason that his family do not seem to have been *armigers*, that is to say, to have borne coat-armour, and that they lived by farming rented land; but it is notoriously difficult to fix the precise position held by people of this middling grade after the great social change brought about in the Tudor times. Within certain generous limits the term *gentleman* seems to have been liberally claimed and liberally recognised.

The earlier lists of colonists to America are among the numerous evidences of this, and the term as there used for purposes of identification has been made somewhat too much of perhaps by most American historians, and a great deal too much of by American writers of fiction to whom the paradoxes of British sociology, ancient and modern, prove a perennial pitfall.

John Smith, when he went out into the world, was in this respect, no doubt, a type of a very large class who wrote themselves *gentleman*, and who probably differed in no essential detail from the immense class of smaller gentry, *armigers* and landowners, who in their turn made no pretence of equality with the nobility and the great families. At any rate, in the stir of military adventure, and in the society of men absorbed in new enterprises and discoveries, the well-educated son of a substantial yeoman would never in all probability have felt the slightest inconvenience, even in James the First's time, from the lack of a few hundred acres of freehold and a coat of arms of purely local significance.

John Smith, then, was the son of a tenant farmer, who, besides the virtual security of tenure in his farm, owned seven acres of pasture land in Charlton Magna and some tenements in the town of Louth. By the death of his father, George Smith, John, the elder of two sons, who, with a daughter, were the sole children of their parents, while yet but a boy came into the seven acres of pasture, a little ready money, and a reversion of the lease of the farm at Willoughby which his mother held for life. But even before this the future slayer of Turks and saviour of Virginia had developed a passion for the sea, or rather for the adventures which, with

good reason, it then seemed likely to afford; for he had already, he tells us, sold his satchel and books surreptitiously to provide funds for the career he had promised himself when his father died, and the guardians, perhaps suspecting something, made all further thoughts of it out of the question. The lad was at this time attending Louth Grammar School, having previously been at the less well-known institution at Alford near his own home. I draw the distinction because several notable men since Smith's day have been educated at Louth, the most recent of them being the late Lord Tennyson.

The guardians played their part with the conventional caution and hard-heartedness of their race, and resisted all young Smith's importunities to roam the world. Thus at fifteen he was bound apprentice to Master Thomas Sendall, the "greatest merchant of all those parts," whose headquarters were in Lynn. There were hopes, no doubt, in the boy's mind that in the employ of so large a shipowner he would soon get the wish of his heart. But Master Sendall wanted a clerk, not an amateur sailor, and the new apprentice found himself chained to a desk, a situation that he quickly decided was too intolerable to be borne. He accordingly "found means" to attend Master Peregrine Bertie into France, and this Master Peregrine was the second son of Smith's landlord and patron in Lincolnshire, Lord Willoughby. This lad, younger than himself, though under proper tutelage, John Smith accompanied as far as Orleans, where they found the young nobleman's brother, Robert, awaiting them. Smith's services, however, or his company, were soon found superfluous by these noble youths,

or more likely by their tutor, and he was despatched home again to his friends in Lincolnshire. His guardians, who probably realised by this time that their ward was more than they could manage, seem to have bought off his importunities cheaply by a payment of ten shillings out of his estate and their full permission to go to the devil or any other goal he chose to aim for.

With this colossal sum, Smith, now about sixteen, started for Paris, and managed to reach there with some money in hand. This, however, he was very soon relieved of by a wily Scotsman, David Hume, who gave him letters to all sorts of great people in Edinburgh that were not only to assist his fortunes but even to introduce him to King James. In the meantime the said David made such free use of his young friend's purse that he had only money enough to carry him to Havre. Necessity, however, in this case forced him into a congenial groove, for at the French port he "first began to lead the life of a soldier."

Henry the Fourth was then at war with the Catholic League; but in 1596, very soon after Smith had begun to learn soldiering under one Captain Joseph Duxbury, commanding an English free company (though in whose interest we are not informed), peace was proclaimed. Captain Duxbury accordingly turned his arms elsewhere, and Smith, enamoured of a military life, followed his captain into the Low Countries, and there served for three years (from 1596 to 1599) with the Netherlands army.

Of how he fared Smith curiously enough says nothing; but his term of service over, he repaired to Scotland with those letters of recommendation that

Master David Hume had given him three years previously in Paris. On the voyage to Leith he was shipwrecked on Holy Island, and suffered much in the process. When he recovered and reached Edinburgh, he delivered those precious letters; but after receiving much kind usage from "those honest Scots" he came to the conclusion that he had neither money nor means wherewith to make a courtier of himself. Without further loss of time, therefore, he went back again to Willoughby after an absence of nearly four years, richer in nothing save experience.

We now get a glimpse of yet more pronounced originality on Smith's part; for, "being glutted with too much company in which he took small delight," he retired to a "woody pasture" some way from the village, which at this period seems to have been a little whirlpool of social gaiety, and there led the life of a hermit, though by no means a hermit of the conventional type. Here, in a "parlour made of boughs by a fair brook," he studied the art of war both in theory and practice. Machiavelli and Marcus Aurelius supplied the former, a good horse, a lance, and a ring, the latter.

Smith's habit of writing his autobiography in the third person imparts a delightful touch of humour to certain passages. When, for instance, the letterpress gravely relates, "His food was thought to be more of venison than anything else," a frank admission of poaching could hardly be couched in more playfully ambiguous terms, the deer being no doubt the property of his landlord and patron Lord Willoughby; "what else he needed his man brought him." It is not surprising that the countryside marvelled at him; but

that his friends took a not unadmiring interest in these unconventional proceedings is shown by the fact of their persuading one Seignior Polaloga, rider to the Earl of Lincoln, an excellent horseman and a noble Italian gentleman, to cultivate their "woodish acquaintance." The friendship thus formed resulted in Smith's being invited to take up his quarters at the Earl's seat of Tattershall. But he soon tired of such inactivity, and supplied, no doubt, with sufficient funds by his guardians, who must by this time have seen that he meant to take life seriously, he returned to the Low Countries at the age of twenty.

Feeling himself now to be a fairly accomplished soldier, Smith's soaring spirit looked around for wider fields of action. Tired of seeing Christians slaughter one another, as he tells us, he designed to turn his sword against the infidel Turks who were proving themselves most formidable in Eastern Europe. With this view he made the acquaintance of four Frenchmen in the Low Countries, one of whom posed as a great lord, and the others as his gentlemen attendants. He was persuaded by these impostors to accompany them to France for the purpose of an interview with the Duchesse de Mercœur, who, they assured him, would supply them with introductions to her husband, then general for the Emperor in Hungary, and the means to get there. The party travelled by sea to the port of St. Vallerie in Picardy, and when they had there anchored with a view to landing, the aforesaid nobleman, having noted the value of Smith's outfit, persuaded the captain to land himself and his friends first with all the baggage. Some pretence was then made that the boat could not immediately

return for the Englishman, and in the meantime his rascally companions made off with his effects. When this shabby trick was discovered by the victim of it he and the remaining passengers were so incensed that they cried out for the captain's blood, and if they had known how to sail her would certainly have carried off the ship.

But calmer counsels prevailed, and Smith, smarting at his ill-treatment and burning for revenge, landed on the French coast with just one penny in his pocket. He there learned that this precious nobleman was the son of a Breton attorney, and his three companions obscure natives of the same province and "as arrant cheats as their leader." The honest soldier who gave Smith this information also supplied his immediate wants, and undertook to guide him to the place where he would find the men he was looking for. Thus travelling through many French towns, which happily, seeing the author's rendering of them, we are not compelled to identify and catalogue, they came to Caen. Here the young Englishman was well entertained, and, having seen the tomb of William the Conqueror, was taken by his friend to Mortaigne, where he found his deceivers and despoilers, but to "small purpose."

It is not worth while to speculate on the nature of this brief announcement, or the cause of Smith's revenge being so mysteriously baffled. His soldier acquaintance, whom he calls "the noble Curzianvere," was a banished man and durst not be seen but by his friends, who appear, however, to have been both illustrious and hospitable folk and to have entertained this obscure young Englishman right royally.

Smith, whose caution and foresight seem to have been as remarkable as his talent for making friends, soon decided that this kind of company was above his modest means, and once more set out upon his travels in quest of military employment. Failing in this, he exhausted his slenderly replenished purse, and was found and relieved by a kind-hearted peasant in a forest, half dead with cold and fatigue. Still continuing his way towards the coast, as he was passing through a wood near Dinan he met face to face, by a strange chance, one of the very enemies he had so long been in quest of. Here, at any rate, there was nothing to balk his revenge, and Smith drew on him instantly. After a brief encounter the Frenchman was struck to the ground; but the fight was accidentally witnessed by some peasants from a ruined tower hard by, which might have been awkward for the Englishman. Happily his vanquished antagonist, either in fear of his life or from a belated sense of justice, acknowledged his villainy and explained the situation to the bystanders, telling Smith at the same time how they had all fallen out over the division of the spoil.

Smith now applied to a local nobleman named Ployer, on the strength of his having been brought up in England, who befriended him well and showed him the sights of the neighbourhood. Thence with replenished purse the wanderer made his way southwards to Rochelle and Bordeaux, not omitting to go out of his way to inspect certain places celebrated for their defensive works, and finally brought his long land journey to an end at Marseilles. There he embarked for Italy, but bad weather drove his ship into Toulon;

after another attempt, however, they got as far as Nice, off which place they were compelled to anchor.

It will, I think, be admitted that, for a youth of twenty, Smith had already developed a very pretty talent for travelling, and, though space forbids exhaustive quotation here, his simple and direct narrative gives evidence, at every line, of the keen habit of observation he carried about with him and made such good use of in the future.

Off Nice the "inhuman Provincials with a rabble of pilgrims of divers nations going to Rome" cursed our Englishman in prolonged and vigorous fashion, not only for a Huguenot, which was natural, but for his nation, all of whom they swore were pirates. They railed, too, at his dread Queen Elizabeth, and declared that fair weather could never be expected with such a deplorable combination as that of Englishman and Protestant on board the ship. Under this conviction they flung our hero into the sea, "but God brought him to that little isle (St. Mary,) where there was no inhabitants but a few kine and goats."

The storm, however, that had incidentally proved Smith's undoing, now came to his rescue by driving two Breton ships into a cove on his island. The captain of one of them, named La Roche, proved to be a friend and neighbour of Smith's late benefactor at St. Malo, the noble Ployer, and on this account treated the castaway so well that he decided to accept his offer of sailing with him for a time. Their first business was to make for Alexandria and unload their cargo. This done, the Breton put to sea with a view to a little privateering, which exactly suited Smith's love of adventure. It was

not till they entered the Adriatic that good luck fell in their way in the shape of a Venetian treasure-ship, which they promptly attacked, till, too disabled to fly further, she turned and fought them. Twice they boarded her, and twice they were repulsed. Then the ship carrying Smith caught fire, which, though quenched, so enraged the Bretons that they poured shot into the hapless merchantman with such vigour that in very fear of sinking she was compelled at length to surrender. She proved a valuable prize, and supplied Smith and his new friends with more silks, velvets, cloth of gold, and coin than they could manage to transfer or stow away. Having worked at this till they were tired, they cast off the Venetian with her company to sink or swim, and as much good merchandise still left aboard her as would have freighted another vessel. Having coasted for some time without further adventure, or indeed wishing for any, the captain set Smith ashore with £225 in prize money and "a little box God sent him worth near as much more."

Richer than in his wildest dreams he had ever ventured to hope for, Smith now prepared to see the glories of Italy, and was delighted on arriving in Tuscany to meet once more the young Willoughbys from Lincolnshire. The elder had just inherited the title through his father's death; the younger was lying cruelly wounded from a desperate fray which had nevertheless redounded to their honour. Thence he went on to Rome and saw Pope Clement and the Cardinals "creep up the holy stairs, those which Jesus Christ went up to Pontius Pilate." After that he proceeded to satisfy himself with the rarities of the Eternal City, saluted Father

Parsons, that "famous English Jesuit," and finally, after a long tour through which we must not follow him, arrived in Styria, where he made acquaintance with several "brave gentlemen of good quality." The chief of these was one Lord Ebersbaught (as Smith calls him), who introduced him to Baron Kisell, head of the Emperor's artillery, who in turn recommended him to Colonel Meldritch, also a nobleman of high degree, a Transylvanian by birth and a prominent soldier in the Emperor's army. With the latter Smith at once took service and accompanied him to Vienna.

The Turks at this time were pressing the Emperor's armies unusually hard. They had just taken Kanizsa, a performance which caused no little dismay throughout all that part of Christendom exposed to the Eastern danger, and they were now besieging Ober-Limbach (or, as Smith spells it, Olumpagh) on the river Raab, and Ebersbaught was the general entrusted with its defence. The other notability of this same group, Kisell, was ordered to its relief. With the ten thousand men employed on this duty went Meldritch, and Smith, of course, in his train. Our ingenious Englishman would seem to have given Ebersbaught some instruction in the art of torch-signalling, either picked up in the Low Countries, gathered from his studies, or evolved out of his own active brain. Smith was now with the relieving force, Ebersbaught was shut up inside the city, while the Turks were entrenched between, and altogether too strong for Kisell's army to dislodge or break through in the ordinary way. In the combined action between the besieged and the relieving force lay the only hope of success, and this was naturally a matter difficult of accomplishment

Smith now bethought him of the signalling practice with which he and Ebersbaught, without any definite intentions, had amused themselves at Gratz, and suggested to his own commander that he should try to communicate with his noble acquaintance during the following night. Kisell was willing enough, and supplied the Englishman with torches and men. The doubtful point was, whether the notice of the beleaguered general could be attracted by such vague demonstrations. If he could once convey the intimation to the latter that signalling was intended, Smith felt almost certain that he had the code with him and that communication was assured. For some time the young English soldier, stationed on a mountain behind the two outside armies, waved and worked his torches in vain, till at last he was overjoyed to see his efforts rewarded. Though seven miles away, the governor had grasped the situation, and Smith was in a position to flash this message, the receipt for which he gives at great length: "*On Thursday night I will charge at the East. At the alarum sally you.*" Ebersbaught "answered that he would, and thus it was done."

The inventive Smith had yet another contrivance at the disposal of the Christian army. He tied several thousand matches on a long cord at the distance apart of soldiers in line, and then lit them with small fuses of gunpowder. The Turkish army was divided in half by a river, and while Kisell made his attack at the hour agreed upon with Ebersbaught, the Turks on the far bank were kept successfully in their places by Smith's line of flickering matches, which they took for an attacking force. The result of all this was that two thousand good troops were thrown into the town

and the Turks raised the siege. For these services Smith was rewarded with a troop of two hundred and fifty horse.

Smith's personal narrative through all this period, which is the sole authority for much of his biography, is simple, direct, and manly, and bears the impress of truth. He tells us there were at this time rumours of peace in the air, but was doubtless himself much relieved to find they had no basis, and that the Turk continued to levy soldiers in all directions with the greatest energy. This activity of the Moslems was met by renewed preparations on the part of the Christian princes. A great effort was to be made to wrest the turbulent province of Transylvania from the ill-secured grip of the Turks, and among the forces thus set in motion was a well-equipped army of thirty thousand men under the command of the Duc de Mercœur, whom Smith somewhat quaintly styles Duke Mercury. This division, including our hero and his troop, laid siege to Stuhlweissenburg, a place which art and nature had, it was supposed, combined to make impregnable. The mixed nature of the Christian army is well shown by the account of three fierce sallies made by the Turks. The first was on the Germans, of whom they slew five hundred; the second on the Hungarians, with a like result; the third upon the French, who, better prepared, repulsed the enemy with great loss.

Some deserters from the town now gave information to Meldritch, who was still commanding Smith's corps, as to the localities where the crowd of Turks was thickest at certain hours, and the resourceful Englishman thereupon came forward and begged to be allowed to try yet one

more patent of his own upon them, fiery dragons as he called them. He gives us a full recipe for these primitive but effective bomb-shells, which at the appointed hour he proceeded to hurl from slings into the more crowded places of the city. "It was a fearful sight at midnight," he writes, "to see the short flaming course of their flight in the air, but presently after their fall the lamentable noise of the miserable slaughtered Turks was most wonderful to hear." Besides the destruction of life caused by the slugs and bullets with which they were filled, they set fire to the suburbs of the city in one or two places, which so enraged the Turks that had an attack been made at the moment it would in the opinion of this advanced artilleryman have been certainly successful. So much for Smith's part in the siege of Stuhlweissenburg, which was eventually captured with a slaughter of Turks, "pitiful to behold," after it had been in their hands for sixty years.

During the siege Mahomet had raised an army of sixty thousand men to relieve or retake the city. The Duke, not rating very high the quality of a force so hastily levied, went out to meet it with twenty thousand men, and a terrible battle ensued, in which General Meldritch, with whom were Smith and his troop, was so nearly surrounded "by those half-circular regiments of Turks" that they thought they were lost. But by a great effort they cut their way through the enemy and made such a passage among them that it was "a terror to see how horse and man lay sprawling and tumbling, some one way, some another, on the ground." The Earl (Meldritch), we are told, made his valour on this occasion

"shine more bright than his armour, which was painted with Turkish blood." Half his regiment was slain; Smith was badly wounded and lost his horse, but was not long unmounted, for there were "enough of horses that wanted masters that day." It is significant, and might be taken note of by those who talk vaguely of Smith as a vain boaster, that through all these engagements, though he speaks freely of the brave deeds of others by whose side he fought, he says little of his own. His egotism, if such it can be called, is wholly reserved for the scientific contributions he made towards the success of the army,—his torch-signalling, his simulated regiments of burning matches, his fiery dragons. He describes the methods of each minutely, and though he does not tell us where he learnt them, at the same time he makes no special claim to be their inventor. Nor is there, of course, anything strange or incredible in such devices. Smith had served for three years in the Low Countries, where the methods of warfare were probably far more advanced than on the Austro-Turkish frontier. He was an exceptionally zealous and quick-witted man, and, as his later career shows, one to compel the notice and respect of all those he came in contact with, whether they liked him or not. After some more hard fighting, without any tangible results, the armies retired into winter quarters, and it is not till the next campaign, that of 1602, that Smith recounts those personal exploits upon which his detractors naturally fasten, though as a matter of caprice rather than of logic, which gives little or no assistance to their point of view.

CHAPTER II

A CAPTAIN OF HORSE IN THE TURKISH WARS

As we are not concerned with the general events of a struggle about which few English readers probably profess any knowledge or perhaps any interest, it will be enough to say that Transylvania was now the immediate object of the Emperor's solicitude. The mountains abounded in a turbulent and mixed population of many races. It was a buttress State between the hammer of the Turk and the anvil of the Emperor, and seems to have been reduced to an anarchy in which the dominant influence for the moment in each district worked its wild will. Its tangled politics, however, do not concern us here, except in so far as they were the occasion of the presence of Smith at the siege of Reigall, a place whose garrison consisted of a motley but valiant horde of "Turks, Tartars, Renegades, and Banditti." Meldritch, Smith's chief, himself, as already noted, a Transylvanian, had just made an alliance with Sigismund, the Prince of that province, who, displeased with certain high-handed actions on the part of Austria, was now in arms against the Emperor, and on terms with the Turkish Government. But the immediate object was this town of Reigall, whose occupants apparently cared little for

either Turkish or Austrian authority, nor, as I have already said, does this chaotic state of matters concern our story in the least. It certainly did not concern the honest Smith. He fought, in the first place, for his own edification and improvement in the art of war, and, in the second, for his immediate friends. Where Meldritch went he and his two hundred and fifty horsemen followed, and he had probably found out by this time that in the camps of Eastern Europe there was not much to choose in the matter of morality between Christian and Turk. Meldritch had easily persuaded his eight or nine thousand soldiers to make the change in their politics needed for his operations in Transylvania, more opportunities for plunder being the main argument.

The siege of Reigall proved tedious. The town stood on a high promontory running out from a range of mountains. The besiegers' ordnance had to be intrenched, as the town commanded their position, and this took a month, during which the Turks jeered at the dilatoriness of their enemies and sent to know "if their ordnance were in pawn." At the beginning of the siege a well-known Transylvanian General, Moses Tzekely, with nine thousand more troops, had arrived to take command, and had decided that an assault for the present was hopeless.

In the meantime the garrison affected to believe that, if some better entertainment were not provided, the besiegers would grow too fat and depart before they had attempted an attack; and to emphasise their taunt they flung the following challenge into the Christian camp: "That to delight the ladies, who did long to see some Court-like pastime, the Lord Turbashaw did defy any

Captain, that had the command of a Company, who durst combat with him for his head."

This regard for the amusement of the ladies sounds strange in a Mahometan army; but it may be supposed that the population of Reigall was at that time extremely mixed, and it is possible that even those who professed the faith of Islam may not in that lawless country have been too particular in its observance.

After some discussion it was decided to accept the challenge, but then arose the difficulty of selection, for every likely man was eager for the honour. Ultimately it was settled by lot, and the fortunate number was drawn by Smith. A truce for the day was then proclaimed, and crowds of soldiers and fair ladies gathered on the ramparts, while in the plain outside the Christians were drawn up in ranks, the place of combat being between the rival hosts.

At the hour appointed the challenger rode out from the town amid a great flourish of hautboys—a magnificent personage indeed, with a pair of wings upon his shoulders made of eagles' feathers, garnished with silver, gold, and precious stones. A Janissary went before him bearing his lance, and two more walked at his horse's head. Immediately afterwards plain John Smith, with only a page to carry his lance, but encouraged by a flare of trumpets, rode out into the arena. The encounter was brief, for at the first course the Englishman drove his spear so straight and true through helmet and head that the Turk fell dead to the ground. The victor then alighted, and in the face of the two armies unclasped the helmet, cut the head off, and returned with it to the Christian camp, the Turks removing the body to their

own lines. Smith now formally presented the bloody trophy to Tzekely, and was joyfully welcomed by the whole army.

But the death of the Turk so rankled in the mind of a friend of his, one Grualgo, as to amount "rather to madness than choler," and he sent a special challenge to Smith to fight him for his friend's head, or to lose his own together with his horse and armour.

Smith, being nothing loth, the two armies and the fair ladies were treated to another exhilarating spectacle, and a somewhat more prolonged combat. At the first impact both their lances flew in pieces, the Turk being nearly unhorsed. Then pistols were drawn and fired,—a strange medley of medieval and modern methods. The Turk's shot "marked Smith upon the placard," but the former received a bullet in the bridle-arm which so hampered him that he could not control his horse and was thrown to the ground. He was thus at Smith's mercy, but, the combat being without quarter, he too lost his head, his horse, and his armour, and his friends had to console themselves with the body, which was returned to them, together with the rich apparel that covered it.

Smith's nervous system seems only to have been braced up by these encounters, for as the siege continued to drag its slow length along, and the Turks sent no more challenges, he himself took the initiative and proposed a third entertainment of a similar character, partly to "delude time" and partly to show the "ladies of Reigall he was not so enamoured of their servants' heads but that he would not give them another chance of taking his." If any Turk felt covetous of it he had only therefore to say so.

The Englishman seems to have welcomed all comers and been in no way exacting as regards rank, for this time one "Bonny Mulgro" appeared as the Turkish champion. With the choice of weapons accorded to the challenged party, he had named pistols and battle-axes, and as the first were fired away without hurt, the fight resolved itself into a Homeric, or rather medieval contest, that would have looked strange enough on English soil in the reign of James the First, which had then just opened. The two men, however, were handy enough with these obsolete weapons, for they rained blows on one another that made them "reel in their saddles till they had hardly sense to keep them." Smith at length lost his weapon and nearly fell after it, when a great shout arose from the Turkish ramparts, and the Englishman's friends gave him up for lost. But the latter, by the readiness of his horse and his dexterity in eluding the blows of the elated Turk, managed to gain time enough to draw his sword, and by a lightning thrust ran his opponent through, so that, though he alighted from his horse, "he stood not long ere he lost his head as the rest had done."

If this relation be true, which there is no just reason to doubt, it is hardly necessary for the hero of it to tell us what a triumph he enjoyed unless it be for the details which accompanied it. In the presence of six thousand men turned out as a guard of honour, with the three Turks' heads borne on the point of a spear before three led horses, he was conducted to the General's pavilion and there received with great honour. Tzekely embraced him, gave him a "fair horse richly furnished, and a scimitar with a belt, and three hundred ducats as a

pension, while his own Commander Meldritch made him a Major of his regiment."

Attacks in force were now made on Reigall. The Turks asked for terms, which were refused, and the place was at last carried by storm, every man that could bear arms being put to the sword. In retaliation for some similar proceedings on the part of the garrison when they had first captured the town, the heads of the slain were fixed on stakes in a circle round the ramparts.

Prince Sigismund now arrived on the scene, and when he heard of Smith's doings, bestowed on him a coat-of-arms suggestive of the deeds that earned it. The device, like that of the Pen Sais, the famous Welsh shield of three Englishmen's heads granted by Llewelyn the Great to Ednyved Vychan for a somewhat similar performance, and still borne by many families, was three Turks' heads, or, as Prince Sigismund's patent runs, "Wherefore, out of our love and favour and the law of arms, we have ordained and given him, in his shield of arms, the figure and description of three Turks' heads, which, with his sword, before the town of Reigall, in single combat he did overcome, kill and cut off, in the Province of Transylvania." These arms were not registered at the Heralds' College till 1625, but there they are, with Prince Sigismund's seal and signature properly attested by Sir William Segar, Garter King of Arms, and the dilatoriness in registering them is rather in keeping with Smith's character as regards his own concerns. Smith's own book, the *True Travels*, on which much of these chapters are based, was not published till 1629. In 1625 the Reverend Samuel Purchas had

published the second volume of his well-known *Pilgrimes*, in which the war in Transylvania and Smith's adventures, including this one, are treated at some length. Now as Purchas's authority was not Smith himself, but an Italian book entitled *The Wars of Transylvania, Wallachia, and Moldavia, by Francesco Farnese, Secretary to Prince Sigismund*, the belittlers of Smith have not only to explain the formal entry of his coat-of-arms, but they have also to face an account, corroborating Smith's, written by the secretary of the commander under whom the Englishman served, in a foreign language, for perusal by a foreign nation, before Smith's was published. American writers, with characteristic exaggeration of its importance, have argued at great length on the question of Smith's hereditary right to bear arms and on his "gentility." The fact that he describes himself as an "English gentleman" suggests to some of them a passionate pride in the title and a sort of challenge to the world to contradict him. Smith was probably quite unconscious of any such fervour. In that comparatively democratic epoch all soldiers of fortune and adventurers with a passable address and fair education would probably write themselves down *gentleman*, and few would have quarrelled with the title or desired to split hairs over it. But as our hero left no one to inherit a coat of which any stock might well be proud, it matters the less whether his forbears, who were certainly of very modest position indeed, could or could not claim gentility and armorial bearings.

Sigismund, from motives of prudence and formality, handed over his decimated principality of Transylvania to the Emperor in exchange for equivalents elsewhere,

and his army was at liberty for fresh fields of action. Wallachia was to be the next scene of their operations, —another province which, to its infinite misfortune, had been for long a bone of contention between Turk and Christian. Jeremy had seized and ruled it for some time as Vaivod in the interest of the Ottomans, backed by an army of forty thousand Turks, Tartars, and Moldavians. Under the command of Rodoll, the ex-Imperialist Governor of Wallachia, whom Jeremy had expelled, were now placed some thirty thousand men, including Meldritch's corps and that general's faithful henchman Captain Smith, as he still styles himself, though, as we know, he had received a step in rank, whatever that may have amounted to.

With this army Rodoll advanced against Jeremy, who had drawn his forces into the plains of Petesk and fortified himself, with the intention of awaiting the arrival of the "Crym Tartar," who was advancing to his assistance. Smith gives us glimpses of the amenities practised on both sides: how Rodoll decapitated the stragglers he caught and flung their heads into the enemy's trenches, and how Jeremy, more elaborate in his methods, had his prisoners flayed alive, and their skins hung on poles, with their heads and carcases set beside them on stakes.

Rodoll was anxious to draw the Turkish army out to an engagement, and by dint of stratagem at last succeeded in doing so; the Imperial forces, after feigning a retreat, turned on the Turks and, in the most sanguinary engagement yet recorded by our author, completely routed them. Smith, who was in the thick of it, is lost in admiration of the valour displayed by the leaders on

both sides. They fought like "enraged lions," and had to stand on the carcases of the slain, there being no ground free from them. Twenty-five thousand dead were left upon the field, and the defeated general fled with the remains of his army into Moldavia, leaving Wallachia once more in the possession of Rodoll and his master the Emperor.

Meldritch, with Smith and a force of thirteen thousand men, were now despatched after straggling bands of Tartars reported to be roaming the country. But after some days' marching they found that the Crym Tartar himself, with thirty thousand men, was in front of them, and Jeremy, with fourteen thousand more, had returned into the neighbourhood and was lying in ambush. Being hemmed in by overwhelming forces they could move but slowly back again. Having captured one night a richly laden convoy, they learned at the same time that Jeremy had cut off their retreat through a pass. Smith again rose to the emergency with another of his pretty stratagems, "for having accommodated two or three hundred trunks with wild fire upon the heads of lances, and charging the enemy in the night, gave fire to the trunks, which blazed forth such flames and sparkles that it so amazed not only their horses but their foot also, and their own horses, by means of this flaming encounter, turned tails with such fury as by their violence overthrew Jeremy and his army without any loss to Meldritch."

This triumph, however, was short-lived, for Meldritch and his small army soon found themselves beset by near forty thousand Turks, through whom they must either cut their way or perish. This last battle of Smith's as a

soldier of fortune,—for such it proved to be,—took place three leagues from Rothenthurm, and ended in the almost complete destruction of Meldritch's corps. "It was a brave sight before the battle," says our hero, "to see the banners and ensigns streaming in the air, the glittering of armour, the variety of colours, the motion of plumes, the forests of lances, till the silent expedition of the bloody blast from the murdering ordnance, whose roaring voice is not so soon heard as felt by the aimed at object, which made among them a most lamentable slaughter."

Then the details of the hopeless but desperate stand made by the eleven thousand Christians against the hordes of the Crym Tartar, which lasted most of the day, are graphically described. Smith tells us how, when all further attempts were useless, Meldritch collected the remnants of his force in one solid body and made a desperate effort to cut his way through the enemy; for half an hour he "made his way plain before him," but fresh regiments surging against the devoted column, the attempt ended in failure, and only some thirteen hundred survivors, including the gallant Meldritch, escaped from the fatal field. Among the thirty thousand slain of both sides, who lay "headless, armless and legless, all cut and mangled," Smith notes with pride a list of Englishmen who did what men could do, and assisted in "giving to the knowledge of the world that for the lives of so few the Crym Tartar had never paid dearer." Among the English dead were a Baskerville, a Compton, a Hardwick, and a Molyneux. Only two besides Smith survived, Ensign Carleton and Sergeant Robinson, both of whom were of his company and lived to follow him in

after years to Virginia and vent their indignation on his traducers in fervent verse:

I never knew a Warrior yet but thee
From wine, tobacco, debts, dice, oaths so free.
I call thee Warrior; and I make the bolder
For many a Captain now was never soldier.
Some such may swell at this, but to their praise
When they have done like thee my muse shall raise
Their due deserts to worthies yet to come,
To live like thee admired till day of doom.
To my honest Captain from your true friend and sometime soldier, Thos. Carleton.

Sergeant Robinson's tribute, called forth by the same generous emotions at the same critical period of Smith's life, is at least as hearty if not so scholarly, as might be expected from his lower rank in life:

Oft thou hast led when I brought up the rear
In bloody wars where thousands have been slain;
Then give me leave, in this some part to bear,
And as thy servant here to read thy name.
'Tis true, long time thou hast my Captain been
In the fierce Wars of Transylvania,
Long ere that thou America hast seen
Or wast led captive in Virginia,
Thou that to pass the world's four parts dost deem
No more than t'were to go to bed or drink,
And all thou yet hast done, thou dost esteem
As nothing. . . .
Your true friend and soldier, Ed. Robinson.

Among those left for dead upon the field of Rothenthurm was Smith himself. Happily for his country and for posterity, when the camp-followers were plundering the bodies there was found to be still breath in his, and his armour betokening a man of position suggestive of a

good ransom, he was taken from the field and carefully nursed back to health. With this event the first part of Smith's career on the continent of Europe may be said to end. He was yet to go through many adventures, sore hardships, and escapes before he again saw the shores of England; but his military life, properly speaking, was now finally closed.

CHAPTER III

CAPTIVITY, ESCAPE, AND RETURN TO ENGLAND

THE good Providence which restored Smith to health and strength might well have seemed an equivocal blessing, for so soon as he was cured he was sold, together with several companions in misfortune, in the market-place of Ascopolis for a slave. After their limbs and wounds had been examined, and they had been made to struggle with other slaves to test their strength, Smith fell to the offer of a certain Bashaw Bogall, who sent him to Constantinople as a present to his "fair mistress," the Lady Charatza Tragabigzanda, pretending that he was a Bohemian lord captured by himself in battle. Unhappily this good lady seems to have had doubts as to the valour and veracity of her admirer, and exhibited a curiosity about this strange piece of property she had become possessed of, which was not satisfied till she had learned from Smith's own lips that he had never seen the Bashaw in his life till he was bought by him in the market-place, and that he himself was only a plain Englishman who, by his adventures, had become a captain of horse in the Emperor's service.

Through the medium of Italian, Smith and his mistress seem to have conversed together a good deal,

and there is little doubt that the lady entertained a pity for him that was not far removed from a still stronger feeling. This, indeed, is one of the only two known episodes in Smith's life that at all suggest an affair of the heart. Much in this case, however, is left to the imagination, and one only hears that the fair damsel, fearing lest her mother should sell the handsome Englishman, on finding that a ransom seemed problematical, sent him off to be out of the way, and, as she thought, to be well treated, to her brother, "the Timor Bashaw of Nalbrits in the country of Cambria, a Province in Tartaria." Now a Timor was the smallest military fief held by subjects of the Sultan, and, as the captive was soon to discover, the Timor of Nalbrits was as devoid of humanity as he was of dignity and importance.

It should in fairness be said, however, that the incautious young Greek lady at Constantinople had written of her slave in such fashion as to have aroused enough suspicion to materially prejudice Smith in her brother's eyes. She intimated, in short, that he was to be made a good Turk by the kindest usage possible, and then sent back to her. But within an hour the unfeeling Timor had poor Smith stripped, clothed in a hair coat, and a heavy ring of iron, shaped like a sickle, riveted about his neck. It had taken the captive a long time to reach the great stone castle to the east of the Sea of Azov where this Turkish ogre lived. He had sailed from Varna across the Black Sea, up the Sea of Azov, entered one of the mouths of the Don (as is conjectured from his description), and then journeyed about nine days up its southern tributary, the Manitsch, which he calls the Bruapo. Smith's critics have been very contemptuous

over this portion of his adventures, chiefly on account of the generally untraceable character of his place-names, and they have made much of this vagueness. But let us think what a practically unknown wilderness this country then was, how shifting its conditions, how variable the names given by different nomadic tribes to the stone forts of the Turks, how short-lived were even many of their towns and castles. There were no maps or charts in those days, nor was Smith a traveller bent on discovery or pleasure, but a prisoner, a mere speck of humanity amid that infinite unknown waste, carried along a direct water-route, and unable to see beyond the flat and swampy shores that fringed it.

At Nalbrits he found many more Christian slaves, and being himself the last, was "slave of slaves to them all. Yet there was no great choice among them; the best was so bad, a dog could hardly have endured it, and yet for all their pains they were no more regarded than beasts."

Smith describes at some length the life of the Turks and Tartars. He writes of the great stone castles of the dominant caste rising by the side of white flat-roofed towns, and of the nomadic tribes of Tartars who lived in carts and fed wholly upon flesh and milk. He tells us how his master and his friends fared, and, what is of more moment here, how he fared himself, which was exceedingly poorly. The chief diet was the entrails of horses or of *ulgries* boiled in a great caldron with *Aiskus* grain, and after the Mahomedan servants had raked it through with their "foul fists," the refuse was left for the Christian slaves. It was a dog's life, and the high-spirited captive was for ever casting about for some

means of escape. At this immense distance from civilisation all hope may well seem to have been extinguished, a fact which his fellow-slaves were constantly impressing upon him; but they did not know the sort of man who had come among them, nor did the Timor till he learnt it to his cost, for he still took every occasion to beat and revile him.

At length one day the limit of Smith's endurance was overstepped. He was threshing in a barn at some distance from the castle by himself, when his master, paying him a visit in the ordinary course of his rounds, exceeded even his usual brutality. His victim had a threshing-bat in his hand (he carefully tells us they did not use flails), and with quick resolution felled the tyrant to the ground and beat out his brains. He then put on his clothes, hid his body under the straw, filled a sack with corn, mounted the Timor's horse, and rode away full speed into an unknown and hostile wilderness. He was now for two or three days blindly wandering he knew not whither, and luckily met no one of whom to ask the way, for if nothing else had aroused suspicion, the iron ring round his neck would have unmistakably proclaimed him an escaped slave. Just as the fugitive was beginning to see nothing before him but recapture or starvation, he found himself, by the mercy of Providence, upon the great main highway to the West. Here at every crossing were finger-posts directing travellers to the various countries that each road led to, and this not by their names but by various symbols which were well understood by the whole Eastern world. The route to Persia, for instance, was indicated by a black man covered with white spots, while the

sun pointed to China, a crescent stood for Tartary, and a cross for Muscovy. Following the last sign, Smith travelled for sixteen days "in fear and torment," till he arrived at Escopolis on the Don, where he found not only safety but a warm welcome with a Russian garrison, whose governor struck off his irons and used him kindly, while his good lady served food to the famished wanderer.

As Smith was now in Muscovy he could be passed on from post to post with letters recommending him to their several commanders; but one gathers from his account that it was only possible in that wild and dangerous country to travel with the convoys. This perhaps, and not merely an abnormal passion for rambling, was the cause of the prolonged and circuitous route by which he found his way back to Transylvania from the banks of the Don. I will confess to some relief at not being required to trace him step by step across Southern Russia and through Poland, for nothing short of considerable local knowledge would identify Smith's breezy and phonetic spelling with any route on a modern atlas. It is instructive, however, to note his account of the country at that barbarous period; the primitive forts with their wooden stockades, mainly defended with bows and arrows; the vast distances without habitations, and yet, in spite of all this paucity of people, the long miles of what is known in the modern West as corduroy roads over the swampy regions. "They are all Lords or Slaves," he remarks, which helps to solve the seeming paradox; and it is wonderful, he declares, to see the comfort and luxury in which the widely isolated groups of "Lords, Governors and Captains live, well attired

and accoutred with jewels, sables, and horses, and after their manner with curious furniture." Throughout his whole journey he met with "more respect, mirth, content and entertainment than he had ever known in his life, and not any Governor where he came but gave somewhat as a present, besides his charges, seeing themselves as subject to the like calamity."

When in the autumn of 1603 our traveller at length reached Transylvania, he found so many good friends that if it were not for a desire to see England again he would have stayed there permanently, in spite of that "Mirror of virtue" Prince Sigismund and his own old leader Meldritch being then absent at Leipsic. He had indeed more than one good reason for renewing his acquaintance with them, so, "glutted with content and ne'er drowned with joy," he travelled leisurely in their direction, till just before Christmas he had the pleasure of being once again greeted by his old leaders. It is satisfactory to know that the Prince fully earned Smith's eulogies by giving him written testimonials of good service and three hundred ducats of gold to repair his losses.

But with a full purse the social joys of Lincolnshire grew dim again in the eyes of this indefatigable rambler, and he journeyed through Saxony, Brunswick, Hesse, and Bavaria, inspecting towns, fortifications, and even universities. Thence he entered France and travelled through Lorraine to Paris, and so by Orleans on to Nantes, where he took ship for Spain and made a protracted examination of its chief cities and the sights they afforded.

Declaring himself now "satisfied with Europe and

Asia," Smith hied him to Gibraltar and crossed over to Tangier, with some idea that wars were going on there in which he might engage himself. But finding the fighting in Africa to be "treacherous and bloody murder rather than honourable war," he changed his mind and journeyed to Morocco and elsewhere, in the peaceful and wideawake fashion of the most approved modern traveller and with a French captain for companion. He sets down everything that he saw, and still more that he learnt from residents in Barbary, and then his soaring soul wanders in fancy over the interior of Africa, before whose mysteries he admits himself to be baffled; and after paying a tribute to the enterprise of the Portuguese, who were then to the front in such matters, he proceeds "to make a little bold with their observations" and writes a chapter on them.

With a view to leaving Morocco, Smith found himself early in 1604 at the Port of Safi. Here he and his friends made the acquaintance of one Merham, captain of an English man-of-war lying in the harbour, who proved the soul of hospitality and the innocent means of affording Smith such an entertainment in the shape of a sea-fight as must have satisfied even his craving for adventure.

Smith, it so happened, was staying with his friend the French captain on board his vessel, having just decided to join him in trying "some other conclusions at sea," which doubtless meant the popular pastime of privateering. The English captain Merham, in the meantime, invited them aboard his ship, and entertained them so royally throughout the day that night fell on their carousings, and necessity required that they should

sleep on board. It was as fair an evening as could be, but ere midnight such a storm arose that the captain was obliged to ship his anchor and stand out to sea, and thus they ran "spooning before the wind" till they were driven into the Canaries. Smith and his friends, though, no doubt, much inconvenienced, readily consoled themselves with the hope that this strange accident might bear some good result. Their hopes were quickly realised, for a barque from Teneriffe, laden with wine, ran right into their clutches and was at once appropriated. They captured two more vessels, but found nothing in them but passengers, which was disappointing; still they procured some useful information to the effect that five Dutch men-of-war were cruising in the neighbourhood, and this moved the captain to turn his course again for the shores of Africa.

On the way there they fell in with two ships whose appearance aroused their curiosity, and the captain hailed them. Very civilly they struck their topsails and desired Merham to come aboard them and take what he would, for they were but two "poor distressed Biskiners" (Biscayaners). Merham, however, was not to be taken in, his suspicions increased, and he began to crowd on sail. But the Spanish men-of-war (for such they proved) lost no time in overhauling him, and the admiral's ship, running up on his nether quarter, gave him a broadside. The other Spanish ship then did the same, and they both at once, with a loud noise of trumpets and ordnance, closed in on the British vessel and boarded her almost simultaneously. Merham's men, however, managed to beat the boarders back; but after they had battered his ship for another hour with heavy

guns, they came on again, and this time threw grappling-irons on to the deck, in hopes of tearing off the grating. But Merham plied them so heavily with "cross-bar shot and bolts of iron made for the purpose," that he tore a breach in their bow of so serious a nature as to make the two ships as eager to separate from each other as they had been to close. While the admiral was repairing his leak the other ship continued to pour shot into the British vessel to prevent its escape; and so the fight raged from twelve at noon till six at night, interchanging one volley for another. Then the "Vice-Admiral's ship" fell astern, and waited on her consort, whose leak was now repaired. Merham broke away for a space through the dark hours and headed for "Marmora," but made such small way that in the morning they were not three leagues off "Cape Noa." The Spanish ships, however, were up to Merham again, so soon as it was light, and opened on him by turns within musket-shot, till after an hour or so of this work "they commanded him a main for the King of Spain upon fair quarter." But the gallant British sea-dog (we may be tolerably sure with his friend Smith's full approval) only drank their health and gave them a volley from his quarter pieces as an answer. This cool proceeding angered the Spaniards mightily, and once again they boarded the devoted vessel, some of them getting aloft to unsling the mainsail, till they were brought tumbling down again by musket-fire from the round-house.

The enemy now pressed the British hard at both ends of the ship. Those about the round-house were at length forced back fighting into the great cabin, which they (or the English) blew up, till there was such smoke

and fire that it seemed as if the whole ship was burning. The same fierce struggle was waging in the forecastle, till an explosion took place there also, sending numbers of Spaniards into the air, upon which the enemy hastily made out of what seemed was a doomed ship. The English, however, did not slacken off for a moment, but worked desperately to quench the flames with damp cloths and streams of water, the Spanish ships working their guns without cessation. The fire was at length got under, the shot holes covered with old sails, and the crew "prepared themselves to fight to the last man."

"The angry Spaniard, seeing the fire quenched, hung out a flag of truce to have but a parley, but that desperate Merham knew there was but one way with him, and would have none but the report of his ordnance, which he did know well how to use for his best advantage." Thus they spent the next afternoon and half that night, when the Spaniards either lost them or left them. Merham had forty-three killed and wounded, while a wounded Spaniard told them that his ship alone had near a hundred, and was so shot through that her admiral did not expect to reach port.

I have lingered somewhat over this forty-eight hours' encounter, as it is a fine example of those Homeric sea-fights which the British seamen of that period engaged in with such ready alacrity. It was also the last strenuous piece of fighting that our hero was engaged in, though not by any means the last occasion in which his high courage was to stand him in good stead. For the battered vessel, though one hundred and forty shot had pierced her sides, reached Safi again in safety, and

thence Smith made his way back to England without either delay or further adventure worthy of his telling.

Thus closes, so far as we know, the first chapter in our hero's life. Indeed, it is practically certain that this finished his career of adventure in the Old World and the seas that wash her shores. He was now about twenty-four, and had behind him nearly eight years of military service, interspersed with adventures that were every whit as stimulating as the regular paths of active warfare. It was unlikely that there was another young man in England who could show such a varied record, combined with that desire for knowledge, with habits of observation and the faculty for recording them, which distinguished this Lincolnshire yeoman. So far from these early adventures being related in any tone of braggadocio, the author is for the most part singularly reticent as to his own personal doings even in scenes wherein we know he took a full share of such glory and hard knocks as were to be had. There is a simplicity and directness about the greater part of his narrative which one might well fancy would serve to at least discourage the most inveterate caviller.

One can only suppose that the home-keeping student, or the mild traveller of these piping days of peace and of a well-policed world, who regards Smith's adventures as too uncommon to be generally credible, must lack the will or the power to picture that old world of the Tudor time, and be unconsciously trammelled by the conventionalities of to-day. That this is the case with some writers as regards Smith's adventures among the American Indians is sufficiently obvious, and will come under notice later.

Almost the only portion of Smith's story in which the personal note is sounded loud is the matter of the three Turks' heads. But here we have Dr. Purchas and Francesco Farnese telling the same story from totally different sources, to say nothing of the registration of Smith's coat of arms with the entry accompanying it. Assuming, then, that this story is true, there is surely no touch of undue glorification in our hero's account of it. For a man of his time and description a deed that, if achieved by a prince or king, would have rung through the world for ages, is told with due modesty in *The True Travels and Adventures and Observations of Captain John Smith.*

CHAPTER IV

THE FIRST COLONISTS OF VIRGINIA

For the two years following Smith's return to England we practically lose sight of him. He is said to have visited Ireland, which is very possible, seeing that the Ireland of his day still afforded considerable scope for enterprise and adventure. It does not greatly signify, but it seems even more likely that the wideawake, keen-witted traveller and soldier was reading Hakluyt and gathering information about that wonderful new world beyond the Atlantic that for some time now had been fascinating the minds of Englishmen. For a year before he sailed for Virginia he tells us himself he was busied in that movement. He was, at any rate, gathering fresh health and strength in England,—the best of all climates to her sons when in their prime—for the perilous and important work that was to make his homely name immortal. And while he is doing so, let us take a brief glance at the condition of things in England at that time.

The great Queen was just dead, and the poor creature who now filled her throne was not strong enough to sensibly influence in either direction the ardour for adventure and the gathering fervour for new transatlantic England that marked the moment.

The strong men of the Elizabethan period had been mainly occupied in breaking down that iron cordon which the Pope and the King of Spain had drawn in arbitrary fashion around the Western Continent. The great unwieldy fabric of the Spanish Empire had been goaded almost to madness by the daring strokes of Drake and his associates, and in its gigantic effort to crush the heretic sea-dogs in their lair had received that staggering blow which set the Anglo-Saxon free to follow in comparative peace the bent of his genius and his natural destiny. Colonising had been virtually impossible with the shadow of that gloomy and merciless bigotry hanging over the West. It was enough to fight Indians and the hardships of a new country, but with the Spaniards on your back the adverse chances were too great for capital if not for human courage to risk. A colony of French Huguenots had settled on the coast of Florida in 1565. Pedro de Menendez attacked it with overwhelming numbers, and hanged every grown male in the settlement on trees to the number of a hundred and forty; and on the breast of each he attached this inscription, *Not as Frenchmen, but as Lutherans.* When a certain valiant De Gourgues, a Frenchman who had once been taken prisoner by the Spaniards, and hated them with a deadly hatred, heard of the catastrophe, he set about preparing to avenge it with grim deliberation, in spite of the frowns of his own government. The Spaniards had made a considerable settlement at St. Augustine in Florida, a day's journey from the one they had so brutally destroyed, and upon this De Gourgues fixed his avenging eye. He sold his property in France, and invested the proceeds in three small ships, carrying

eighty sailors and one hundred soldiers. Having obtained a commission to sail the Guinea Coast as a slaver, he immediately crossed the Atlantic. He laid his plans, and kept his followers in hand with infinite skill and patience, surprised the Spaniards, who far outnumbered his own party, in their forts, and captured them all. He then deliberately hanged every man of them upon trees, and over each body he nailed the inscription, *Not as Spaniards, but as traitors, robbers, and murderers.* This is perhaps the most appallingly dramatic episode that the story even of the Spanish Main can furnish, and in its daring almost rivalled the greatest even of Drake's feats. The hero of it was offered high commands by foreign countries, but he died, like a later and less bloodthirsty hero, "at the moment when his fame began."

This is wandering somewhat from our subject, but the tale may serve to show what colonisation might have meant before the King of Spain's beard had been properly singed. Moreover, the purely gold-hunting aspect of over-sea enterprise had yielded somewhat by the time of James to schemes of a more enduring kind.

It seems strange to us now to think of this island as overcrowded by some paltry four or five millions of souls; but when a backward agriculture or its equivalents are almost the sole industry of a country, it is surprising how people begin to press on one another. Then, again, the congestion was aggravated in Elizabethan England by the great extension of sheep-farming which swept away cottages and small holdings and exchanged human beings for four-footed stock. Wages had sunk, but a wealthy farming class had arisen, who, with only commercial relationships to the poor,

were none too merciful. The loss of the monasteries was still felt by the labouring classes; disbanded soldiers were more numerous than usual; and altogether there was a very large class in England to whom the prospect of a new country and a fresh start must have been alluring; while among the numerous progeny of the bigger yeomen and the squires there were plenty without occupation or means to speak of, but possessed of the spirit and the will to lead, if not always of the capacity to persevere.

Among the more educated classes, too, the fascination of a whole new continent with its boundless possibilities must have been prodigious. For those of vivid imagination it offered a glorious field, and that they did justice to it is very evident in the marvellous contemporary pictures that have come down to us of the Eldorados men then dreamed of beyond the sea. Raleigh, though never destined to be successful in the actual planting of a colony, was the greatest promoter of the movement, and spent £40,000,—an immense sum for the period—in forwarding colonial interests. His literary and scientific partner in the glory of this pioneership was, of course, Hakluyt, who, though never taking a practical part in adventure, displayed such wonderful knowledge and indefatigable industry in the theoretical department of the great movement as to command the respect of the hardy mariners who had actually sailed and fought in every known sea. The throne was the source to which all would-be colonisers in these days were compelled to look. Raleigh, it must be remembered, was exceptionally rich, but for most men the expense of the necessary armaments and out-

fits was far too great, and the days of joint-stock undertakings were only dawning. Elizabeth, though capricious and uncertain, had been zealous in the cause and sometimes liberal, but James was neither. He acquiesced in ventures wherein he risked nothing but might gain something in money or dignity; but such a petty nature as his could not well have risen to enthusiasm or sympathy with colonial enterprise. Soon after his accession Raleigh went to prison and ultimately to death, and the fruits of his labours, if his patent rights can so be called, lapsed to the Crown in the person of this narrow-minded and niggardly Scotch pedant, who was still further hampered by a timorous regard for the displeasure of Spain.

The first attempt in the direction of American colonisation, if such indeed it may be called, was made forty years before the time at which we have now arrived. Stukeley, one of the Devonshire group, with the sanction of the Queen, had proposed to found a settlement in Florida, and set out with that intention. The temptations of buccaneering, however, seem to have proved irresistible, and both his good intentions and energies exhausted themselves in that popular diversion.

But the gold-fever was for some time too strong to permit of more substantial enterprises. Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Frobisher come next upon the scene, as the men of action to put into practice the theories of the pamphleteers and dreamers. The founding of colonies was generally the pretext at least for adventure, but when the crucial moment for effort arrived it mostly resolved itself into searching for a north-west passage, and

reaching by that or some other means unknown lands full of gold or precious minerals. Side by side with this, too, was the ever-burning question of how most to damage his Majesty the King of Spain and defeat his machinations, a pastime much more exciting than clearing woods and planting corn. In 1583, however, Gilbert actually took out an expedition with all the materials for a permanent settlement. Diverted from the main object by rumours of silver, he landed his people on the most unpromising bit of the North American coast, namely, Newfoundland, which was then, however, comparatively well known as the most considerable resort of fishing fleets. Neither the character of the emigrants nor the nature of the country made for success; the experiment was brief and disastrous, and not worth telling here, unless, indeed, for the sinking of the little ship which carried Gilbert himself, and the famous exclamation of the great sailor as the waters received him, "We are as near heaven by sea as by land."

A year later, in 1584, came Raleigh with a fresh patent and more knowledge and capacity for this particular sort of enterprise than his step-brother. Raleigh sent a preliminary expedition under Captains Amadas and Barlow to select a place for the colony he meditated, who wisely steered a more southerly course and landed on the island of Roanoke, off the coast of North Carolina. Reporting well of this locality to their master, he despatched thither in the following spring Sir Richard Grenville with seven ships and over a hundred settlers under the command of Ralph Lane and Amadas. The country was vaguely named Virginia, a graceful tribute to the Queen, and the enterprise is

popularly regarded as the beginning of Anglo-American colonisation, though it ended in disaster and oblivion. The natives, at first friendly, under somewhat imprudent provocation grew hostile. Much hardship was undergone by the colonists both in their camp on the island and their voyages under Lane's leadership far into the interior. But the fleet under Grenville had sailed home, and provisions ran short. Before the supplies forwarded by Raleigh could reach the island, Drake, fresh from the sack of St. Domingo and Carthagena, appeared off the coast, and was persuaded to take the despondent colonists home. They had hardly sailed when Raleigh's supply-ship arrived, and after a brief search for the colonists returned to England. Grenville came in soon afterwards, to meet with a similar surprise and disappointment; but he remained some time on the coast, hunting for his lost friends and exploring the country. On his departure he left fifteen men on the island well provided with supplies. They were never seen again, however, and the tales gathered subsequently from Indians which surround their fate are curious, but outside our compass here. In the following year Raleigh sent out another colony, this time numbering a hundred and fifty souls, including seventeen women, under the leadership of White. They settled upon the same spot that Lane's colony had selected, though apparently against the wish of their leader, and their affairs went anything but smoothly. The birth of the first English child on the American continent, Virginia Dare,—its mother being the Governor's daughter, who had married one of the colonists—gives a touch of romance to an otherwise tragic tale. In the autumn White himself sailed for

England, with a view to furthering the interests of the colony, leaving the settlers fairly hopeful and contented. But the uncertain attitude of the natives had already proved a constant difficulty. The ships that Raleigh sent in the following spring either willingly or unavoidably engaged in sea-fights and returned to England without seeing America, and in the meantime he had made over his interests in Virginia to Sir Thomas Smith and certain others. For another year the wretched settlers at Roanoke were left to their own resources, and when in 1591 White sailed again in a ship not under his control, and, after a voyage greatly protracted by the incorrigible taste of its crew for privateering, reached the spot, the site of the colony had been deserted. There was no trace of the settlers, save for some of their effects littered about among the weeds and undergrowth, and the word *Croatan* carved on a post and intended to indicate the route they had taken, as had been previously agreed. Of the fate of these unfortunate people nothing certain was ever discovered. In after years traditions were bruited about of their having been kept long in captivity by the Indians only to be ultimately murdered; and now and then traces of white blood, real or imaginary, would be detected in some Indian village, and the old tale of the Roanoke horror be recalled and retailed by English settlers in Virginia

For the next decade or more no serious attempts at colonisation were made. We may well believe those who tell us that these shiploads of unfortunates consigned to hardship, death, or, as in the second Roanoke colony, to a terrible oblivion, had provoked some outcry

both on the part of the Philanthropists and the Economists. The destruction of the Spanish marine, however, went steadily on, and the way of the future colonist, so far as the Pope and the King of Spain were concerned, was being made smoother. In the interval between those two crushing blows, the Armada and the attack on Cadiz, no less than eight hundred Spanish vessels are said to have been destroyed. In 1602 Raleigh despatched yet another expedition, of which little is known, save that it engaged in a fruitless search for survivors of White's colony. In the following year, however, Raleigh was a prisoner in the Tower, and his rights, as I have said, passed to the Crown. Several expeditions in the meantime felt the coasts and came back with specimens of natives, of products, and with wondrous tales, while the pulpit and the stage reflected the prevailing fervour.

The year 1606, or perhaps we ought to say 1607, as that of actual fruition, is the date that most of us probably prefer to remember as the great and epoch-making era in our Colonial history. It was then that things were in a sufficiently advanced state for James the First to issue the famous charter under which the first of the English colonies in America was founded. The whole coast from the Canadian border, roughly speaking, to South Carolina was included in the grant; but there were to be two sections of the Company, the one occupying the northern, the other the southern part of this North American coast line, but interlapping over the whole strip of what are now called the Middle States. The East India Company had been inaugurated in 1599, but for trading purposes only; the new Com-

pany had colonisation as one of its main objects. We are only concerned here with the southern portion of its venture and those members who were interested in it. The general business of the Corporation in London was to be managed by a council of thirteen appointed by the King, while the local affairs of each colony were to be in the hands of a council of its own settlers, of the like unlucky number, under a president with a casting vote.

Among the well-known Englishmen who were interested in the southern venture (which, from the fact of so many of them being Londoners, came to be called the London Company) were Hakluyt, Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, and Edward Maria Wingfield. No such movement would, of course, have been complete without the indefatigable Hakluyt, who was now a canon of Westminster. Gates and Somers had both distinguished themselves against the Spaniard, but, like Hakluyt and the rest of the Adventurers (a term that has led to no little misunderstanding), they were merely large stockholders, and took no active part in the undertaking. Wingfield, who was of a good Roman Catholic family and a godson of Queen Mary and Cardinal Pole, was going out as the first governor. Among other subscribers to the venture were Sir Maurice Berkeley (father of the well-known future governor of the colony, whose long rule of nearly forty years was only terminated by Bacon's rebellion in 1676), Sir Anthony Ashley, Sir Henry Cary, Sir Edwin Sandys, and the Lords Pembroke and Falkland.

But we must leave the patrons and stockholders of the new enterprise, useful and necessary factors to

its success though they were, and proceed to make acquaintance with the humbler folk who were to bear the burden and heat of the day, a phrase in this instance that would carry a very literal application. Three ships, well victualled and stocked with necessaries, were waiting for them in the Thames, the *Susan Constant*, the *Godspeed*, and the *Discovery*, the latter a pinnace. The first was in charge of Captain Newport, the second of Captain Bartholomew Gosnold, the third of John Ratcliffe, otherwise Sicklemore. Newport was one of the fine old sea-dogs of the Drake and Raleigh school. Gosnold had recently distinguished himself by good work on the New England coast and by the adoption of a more direct route across the Atlantic. He had also been for a long time very indefatigable in collecting subscribers and emigrants for the Company. Smith tells us he enlisted him and others in the project, and that they then all together by their "great charge and industry" brought into the scheme certain of the nobility, gentry, and merchants. He strongly suggests, in short, that the enthusiasm of the Adventurers was not so spontaneous but it had to be wrought upon by practical men, and gives Gosnold the chief credit for the business.

Of the actual colonists distributed among the three ships there were a hundred and five, besides the crews. On one of the ships, though which we know not, was John Smith, and that he was not there as an ordinary emigrant is certain and will appear later. But no one on board probably realised, as I hope the reader does by this time, that he was likely to cut a very prominent figure indeed among the haphazard collection of humanity which

Gosnold and others had brought together. No one, at any rate, could have been expected to guess that he alone was to prove the saviour of the enterprise. For the moment it will be enough to mention among the chief names of that little company, those of the Honourable George Percy, brother to the Earl of Northumberland, and a pious and courageous chaplain, Robert Hunt. It may well seem strange to modern notions that a company including men who had sailed on many seas, and had fought and explored in many savage lands, should have carried with them a table of instructions, chiefly inspired by a learned divine who had never left his native shores, as to how they were to proceed when they had established a footing in the land of promise. The difference between the theory of the man who stays at home, no matter how intelligent he may be, and the actual practice of the new settler in a wild country has been a by-word for many generations, and in a lessening degree will remain so till there are no new countries left. But the instructions for procedure by this man of the closet were taken in all seriousness, so far as we know, by Gosnold, Newport, and Smith; and the directions of the Council in London were to the full as precise, and might be read with grim humour by many thousands to-day who have known something of the realities of pioneering. In the first place, "they were to spend two months in finding a river mouth the widest may be and with a bend to the North-West." A meaning, however, lurks under this which will not be evident till the reader is reminded that an idea still prevailed that the upper part of the North American continent was very narrow, and that there was possibly

a strait through it opening into a great north-western ocean. The extent of the country as far as California and the Pacific was, of course, by this time partially understood; but a notion was current that the western coast trended sharply across towards the east, and that what are now the New England and Middle States were but a strip of land between one and two hundred miles in width. It was expected, moreover, after recent experiences, that the Indians would be unfriendly, and the instructions for the movements of the settlers contrived at a table in London are somewhat humorous reading. Ten men are to be here, twenty men are to be there; so many are to build houses, so many to plant, so many to explore; "when they espy high hills Gosnold may take twenty men with six pickaxes," and so forth. However, history often repeats itself to this very day in but slightly different circumstances and with far less excuse. Still there were some old soldiers on the Council and some sound advice on military matters, though one may well imagine our friend John Smith did not require these elementary warnings, one of which was that the colonists were on no account to let the "naturals" carry their weapons. And again, there was to be no erratic shooting in front of the "salvages"; the man who shoots in their presence must shoot straight, lest he bring the dreaded firearms into contempt. Above all, the death of a colonist, either by disease or violence, must be concealed if possible from the Indians, lest they begin to hold the intruders as "mere humans."

Church and King were, of course, to be punctiliously honoured in act and speech, and the local president, as we shall see, was to be a somewhat sacred person,—an

admirable notion if his Excellency should prove the strongest man among them, which he did not. That the company gathered together for the enterprise,—the one hundred men, that is to say, who formed the rank and file—was likely to prove a troublesome one was evident to many. We have a list of them. Thirty-six of the hundred and five are classed as *gentleman*, and here and there a name sufficiently proclaims the fact. It is interesting to run one's eye over that historic, but not, it is to be feared, very reputable thirty-six, whose lives for the most part were to be so short and so far from merry. Here a name or two suggests Smith's native county and his influence; another smacks unmistakably of the Welsh border; a third recalls an old Cumbrian manor-house; but the majority, like most English surnames, tell us nothing by themselves. Among the thirty or forty mechanics and labourers whose names are preserved, there is a remarkable scarcity of Scotch or Irish, so far as may be guessed from nomenclature. But any interest that attaches to this roll must be purely sentimental, for two-thirds of these poor fellows, gentle and simple, were under the soil of Virginia before the year was out, with nothing to show for their venture, and few people, doubtless, to mourn them. It is to be feared the world in most cases was not much the poorer for their loss. Still they should not be without honour, whatever their unfitness as a body for their task. The risk they ventured was infinitely greater than that of an average man even in those days. If in these enlightened times the emigrant can often form such fantastic notions of the country he is bound for, is it wonderful if these undisciplined gallants indulged in notions a thousand

times more strange, and have come down to posterity as a historic group of failures above which John Smith towers like a contemptuous giant? As they lay in the Thames during that December of 1606 the whole company shared, at any rate, in the anticipatory glory of Drayton's glowing farewell.

> You brave heroic minds,
> Worthy your country's name,
> That honour still pursue
> Whilst loit'ring hinds
> Lurk here at home with shame,
> Go and subdue.
>
> And in regions fair
> Such heroes bring ye forth
> As those from whence we came,
> And plant our name
> Under that star
> Not known but to our north.

These are but two of many stanzas. Viewed as a personal ode, it gathers pathos from the fate and nature of most of its objects. As a spirited poem from the Laureate of the day over an epoch-making enterprise, it gathers lustre and should be better known.

The vessels weighed anchor and dropped down the Thames on December 19th, but owing to inclement weather were detained in the Downs till New Year's Day, when with favouring winds they set their sails, traversed the Channel safely, and stood out to sea. The *Susan Constant* was a hundred tons, the *Godspeed* fifty, and the *Discovery* twenty tons burden, and they carried seventy-one, fifty-two, and twenty persons respectively, including the crews. The Company's instructions,

together with their list of the local council, were sealed up in a box only to be opened on arrival. Newport, not Gosnold, was in command, and they directed their course after the old-fashioned style,—running down, that is to say, to the latitude on which the locality they were making for lay, and then following it. This took them to the Canaries, and thence across the ocean to the West Indies, a circuitous route enough from the Thames to Virginia. They had no adventures on the way out but a "blazing star" on February 12th succeeded by a storm.

On March 24th they were anchored off Dominica in the West Indies, and Captain Percy (who, among others, has left us an account of these proceedings) tell us that they bartered goods for provisions with the Indians, who were quite naked, painted red all over, and wearing their hair three feet long in plaits. On the 28th they all landed at Nevis, and spent six days there, hunting and refreshing themselves. Smith now comes upon the scene for the first time, and in no less a character than that of a mutineer, the accuser being Wingfield, who was to become president of the new colony when they reached it. There had been more than enough of quarrelling and murmuring during the three months this ill-assorted company had been pent up together, and as they were by way of being under strict discipline heated words could be brought within range of a formal offence. Smith in after years tells us all we know of this affair in a few pithy words: "Such factions here we had as commonly attend such voyages, that a pair of gallows was made; but Captain Smith for whom they were intended could not be persuaded to use them." Happily for the rest of the company, and for England and

America, the invitation was not tempting enough for the gallant Captain, but he was put in irons and kept a prisoner till they reached Virginia. They wasted a good deal of time in the various West India islands; landed at Mona, where some of them went up country, killed two boars, and saw a wild bull with huge horns, and Edward Brookes (gentleman) died on the road. According to Captain Percy, "his fat melted within him from the drought and heat, and he died in that great extremity."

At Moneta, another small island, which they next investigated, they could not walk without treading on birds' eggs, and the fowls flew over their heads as thick as hail with such a noise the explorers could not hear each other speak. It was evidently a "gullery" they had stumbled upon, and they carried bushels of eggs on board. On April 10th they set sail again and "disimbogued" out of the West Indies; none too soon, as most chroniclers agree, seeing that they must have been making inroads on the stock of provisions, whose limitations had always proved the leading cause of anxiety to these expeditions, and were to do so again in this case. On April 26th, about four in the morning, after encountering some very bad weather, they sighted the low coast of old Virginia, and in normal seasons a better date on which to make a first acquaintance with that delectable country could hardly be selected. The same day they entered the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, and named the southern cape Henry, after the Prince of Wales. Cape Charles, on the opposite shore, was named a little later, after his younger brother the future ill-fated King.

No time was lost in sending a party on shore, and George Percy, who was with it, declares that he was "almost ravished at the fair meadows and goodly tall trees and fresh streams running through the woods." But as they returned in the evening they had a sharp lesson as to the temper of the natives, a small band of whom came creeping on all fours from the hills, like bears, with their bows in their mouths, and finally charged down, firing volleys of arrows at the Englishmen, wounded Captain Archer and a sailor, and kept up the fight till they had spent their arrows and "felt the sharpness of our shot."

This was an ominous beginning; but that same evening an interesting ceremony took place, for they opened the sealed orders, which Captain Newport had been entrusted with, and now for the first time learnt definitely who were to be their councilmen. The list contained seven names, those of Newport, Gosnold, Smith, Wingfield, Martin, and Kendall, and, in accordance with their instructions, this Council, without Smith, who was still a prisoner, elected Wingfield as President. Some objection was taken to Smith's being admitted a member of the Council, but he was either then or a day or two afterwards set at liberty. They then proceeded on their way, entered the mouth of the James river, here some five miles wide, and called the cape at its mouth by the suggestive name it still bears, Point Comfort. Leaving the deep indented harbour where the city of Norfolk now stands a few miles to the south of them, past Hampton Roads and Newport News,—probably Newport Ness in olden times, and named after their captain—they sailed up the river about fifty

miles, till they found a place which seemed suitable for settlement, and on May 13th disembarked at that ever-famous peninsula on the northern shore which was to be the site of Jamestown. It was a low-lying malarious situation, but had the advantage of being connected with the shore only by a neck of land that could be more readily defended. Some words as to this choice of a site arose between Wingfield and Gosnold, the latter not approving; but Smith thought well of it, and the water was so deep that their ships lay in six fathoms while moored to trees on the bank.

Before entering the river they had built a shallop, and in this they did their pioneering. At Point Comfort they saw numbers of savages running on the shore. The captain approached them in the shallop, and after many signs of friendship they were induced to lay down their bows and arrows, and gave the English an invitation to their town. This was accepted, and as the vessel coasted along the shore the savages accompanied it by land, swimming a wide river which crossed their path with their weapons in their mouths. When Percy and his friends landed, the natives lay with their faces on the ground, scratching the earth with their nails and making a piteous noise. After that they cheered up, and brought from their houses mats, bread, and pipes of tobacco for their visitors, whom they subsequently entertained with a dancing performance. The bodies of these Virginian savages were painted even more brilliantly, says our author, than those of the West Indies. The right side of the head was shaved clean, but on the left the hair was worn a foot or two in length; the legs of fowls were

stuck in their ears, and their bodies were painted black and red.

They next visited the Werowance (or king, as the English of that day persisted in calling every rude savage chieftain) of Paspahegh, who welcomed them cordially, but somewhat damped the Englishmen's pleasure by a long oration which, so far as Mr. Percy was concerned, consisted of "a foul noise of which he understood nothing." A rival king, his Majesty of Rappahannoc, stirred to jealousy, here paddled over the river and showed himself highly offended that so much attention should be lavished on the autocrat of Paspahegh, and his own existence apparently ignored. On the next day the injured, but still hospitable, chieftain sent a messenger to the English with an invitation to visit him. So manning the shallop with sufficient armed men, and guided by the king's envoy, elated by the present of a few beads, Percy and his party approached the royal presence. They were well rewarded, and could readily understand the pained surprise with which the chief of the Rappahannocs had regarded their seeming preference for his brother of Paspahegh, for he met them with a train of as goodly men as Percy had ever seen, whether Christian or savage. The king led the procession, playing a reed flute. He wore a crown of deer's hair, dyed red, and adorned with two long feathers in the shape of horns, fastened in rose fashion on one side of his head, and a great plate of copper on the other; his body was painted crimson, his face blue, a bird's claw was in each ear, and his neck was hung with pearls. Having provided his visitors with mats and pipes, but not with an

oration, for which they were duly thankful, he next led the way towards the town, Englishmen and savages following at a respectful distance, through the finest fields of corn Percy had seen in any country, and on reaching headquarters this dignified monarch entertained them "in good humanity."

On the next day they tested the goodwill of another tribe higher up the river, the Appamatocks, who met them, however, armed to the teeth, their chief in the forefront, with pipe in one hand and bow in the other, commanding them to be gone; but on making signs of peace, the Englishmen were permitted to land. They were enamoured of the fine trees of oak, beech, pine, and cedar, the carpet of flowers and the many flowering shrubs which are at their best in a Virginian May. They saw the red-winged blackbirds, the bluebirds, the humming-birds, and many coloured woodpeckers and other warblers of field and woodland that still give life and colour to the ragged enclosures and shady forests of the Old Dominion. Squirrels and conies, too, abounded, and they found a great store of turkeys' nests and eggs.

Smith was apparently not of the party, and it seems likely that he was not liberated from confinement till the actual termination of their journey at Jamestown, the account of which notable site and of its settlement must be reserved for another chapter.

CHAPTER V

THE SETTLEMENT OF JAMESTOWN

The low-lying peninsula on the Powhatan river, now named by the colonists in honour of the King, was soon astir with the bustle of men who, after nearly five months at sea, displayed a zeal and activity not so conspicuous in later days. The Council laid out the fort; others were cutting down trees, some splitting clapboards to load the ships, making gardens, or weaving nets. It was quite an idyllic picture in that glorious Virginian May-time. Most of these cheery enthusiasts had never done a day's manual labour in their lives, and no doubt made a clumsy job of it. Few of them had ever felt a really hot day in their lives, nor did they even now know what it meant, for the fierce heat of summer had not yet burst on tide-water Virginia. The fort was a rough and poor affair, boughs and trees laid together in the form of a semicircle, and called Fort James, but very soon to be Jamestown. A board was also nailed between two trees beneath an awning, for a pulpit, and the Reverend Robert Hunt, who seems to have been an exemplary man and very different from the typical Virginian parson of a more developed period, held forth from it with much zeal on the first Sunday. For two or three days

the savages approached in small distrustful groups; but on the 16th the Werowance or chief, of the Pasiphoes made his appearance with a hundred armed warriors. He signed to the English who were guarding the camp to put down their arms, but on their refusal became friendly, and even offered them land. One of his men, however, was detected in trying to steal a hatchet, and being somewhat rashly struck on the arm went off in a huff and the whole party with him, which was unfortunate.

The President seems to have been of that well-meaning type of Englishmen who persistently close their eyes to the fickle attachments of barbarous races, and assume a lofty and virtuous tone which they mistake for superior sagacity, and trust it will bring its own reward. Their experience is often dearly purchased, and others not unfrequently help to pay for it with their lives and fortunes. Wingfield demurred to strong fortifications, lest they should hurt the feelings of the natives and provoke their hostility, and high words on this subject were bandied about. He was more than negligent, too, in exercising his men at their arms, probably from the same cause. On the 20th the chief of Paspahegh sent forty warriors with a deer as a present, but Percy says they came more in villainy than anything else, as they wanted to stay the night in the fort. One of the Englishmen set up a target on whose resisting powers he flattered himself, and challenged an Indian to try his bow on it; but the Indian sent his arrow a foot through it or more, which gave the spectators cause for unpleasant reflections. A target of steel was then erected, and the savage, looking for the same result, was stirred to wrath when his

arrow fell back broken. The Paspahegh chief, says Percy, was as good as his word, for he had promised them the venison, "but the sauce came within a few days after."

Having now established themselves at Jamestown, erected shelters from the weather, and some sort of protection against the savages, it was considered advisable to begin exploring the country up the river. Accordingly Newport, with Smith (who was not yet admitted to the Council), four other gentlemen, four skilled marines, and fourteen common seamen, sailed up the James for fifty or sixty miles. For though stability was to be the keynote of the first Anglo-American colony, it was by no means the first intention of its promoters to merely provide a home where settlers might grow corn and tobacco, and in slowly increasing numbers eke out the existence they could not contrive at home. Gold was still in their thoughts, and exploration was to bring the gold. So imperfect, however, was men's knowledge of everything north of Florida, speaking broadly, that they were quite prepared to find a second Straits of Magellan and a vast Northern Pacific by ascending one or other of these Virginian rivers, and vague Indian stories of the great lakes may well have fostered such delusions. Of the Appalachian, or Alleghany, Mountains, which wholly shut out the sea-board strip of the modern United States from the interior, and played such a tremendous part in that country's early development, our pioneers seem to have had but vague notions. As they were only a hundred and fifty miles or so from them, they were destined very soon to readjust their own ideas, and those of their employers, regarding the shape of

North America. But one can well understand the prodigious interest that this very uncertainty created; while the pleasant character of this sea-board strip, with its fertile bottom and rolling uplands, its luxuriant woods of ash, beech, and black walnut, hickory and chestnut, intermixed with the poorer pine-lands and the cedar-swamps, acted as a stimulant to the more adventurous minds.

We are now once more in the close companionship of Smith, as the small company of pioneers push up the quiet waters of the James with a notion in their minds that they may possibly be on the high-road to the Pacific, though, like practical men (and some of them at any rate were that), they for the time being concerned themselves wholly with the affairs of the moment. Indeed, they had not much choice, for the Indians, either in their persons or their villages, were greatly in evidence upon either shore of the river. They appeared friendly and hospitable, though these sentiments were doubtless prompted by curiosity rather than by the milk of human kindness. One bond of sympathy, however, always strong with savages, was present, for the Paspaheghs, who had been, upon the whole, uncivil to the Jamestown settlers, and would fain have been something more, were on bad terms with the Wyanokes, the first tribe whose acquaintance the voyagers made. No Europeans had been seen up the James before, though the travellers were astonished to find among the Indians a boy with a pale face and red hair. It was supposed, and reasonably enough, that he was an offspring of White's ill-fated colonists who had been carried away captives from Roanoke some twenty years earlier. In a

few days they had traversed fifty miles, and arrived at the Indian village of Powhatan, close to where the city of Richmond now stands, at the head of navigation, though Smith and his friends at the moment of landing had not yet realised this fact.

Captain Archer, one of the five gentlemen of the expedition, is our best authority for this first navigation of the James river below Richmond. His account of it is simple and unmistakably faithful, though full of the quaint conceits of his period and its style, and very indifferent specimens of them. Wingfield, in fact, is very sarcastic at Master Recorder Archer's expense, as will be seen later. It is with difficulty, indeed, in most of these narratives, so rich is their phraseology, that one resists the temptation of a too free use of inverted commas.

The explorers were entertained by the Indians with roasted deer, corn and beans, mulberries, dried oysters, and various nuts stored from the preceding autumn; the women made them cakes, the men provided them with tobacco, and thus they feasted merrily, while the Indians danced for their amusement. Their hosts also traced rude maps for them upon the sand, indicating the head of tidewater which they were so fast approaching, the great mountains which rose some miles farther, and with mysterious hints, sanguinely interpreted by the travellers in accordance with their hopes, told of a great sea beyond them. They feasted on turkeys and turkeys' eggs, regardless at that prolific period of seasons and game-laws. They paid their footing with knives, beads, and the usual traders' articles, and were sent forward with guides, who arranged for their friendly reception at

the next Indian post. Fair low grounds, the famous bottom lands of the James in after years, spread for a few hundred yards on either side of the great river; the indigenous woods, which covered virtually every acre of primeval Virginia, being broken here and there with Indian maize or tobacco fields.

They were passing now, if they had only known it, through a valley that has since become in its peculiar way historic soil to Americans. For here, more than anywhere, clustered in after years the greater plantations of colonial Virginia, where in roomy mansions of English brick perched on overlooking ridges and reflecting the current architectural modes of the mother country, Randolphs, Byrds, Carters, Harrisons, and other stocks whose memories Virginians and Americans still delight to honour, flourished for many generations amid generous slave-tilled breadths of corn, wheat, and tobacco. In spite of the rise of two considerable cities at the head and the mouth of the river, the intervening country has lapsed into a condition, not in itself exactly distressing, but painful by contrast to either of its earlier periods, whether as the cradle of New World mystery and abundance, or in its position as the fullest expression of New World rural civilisation and refinement. To-day, ill-cultivated, generally infertile, abandoned by almost everything that gave it significance, crushed out of all fragment of material importance by the prodigious development of North America, it is perhaps for that very reason all the more congenial ground for those who now visit it in the frame of mind it seems more particularly to invite. These matters, however, do not much concern us here. The village of Powhatan in

which Captains Newport, Smith, and Archer found themselves on May 23rd, 1607, was a very modest affair. It was situated on a high hill above the sparsely cleared and cultivated low grounds, and consisted of a few large wigwams where the great king Powhatan, the suzerain of all the tribes down the river, had one of his chief seats. The actual headquarters of this potentate, whom history has distinguished above all contemporary Indians, was at Werowocomico, on the York river, twenty miles north of Jamestown. But on this occasion,—and perhaps with intent, for the whole valley must by this time have been agog,—he was there in person to receive the pale-faced strangers.

So over ground now covered by the suburbs of Richmond the small party of Englishmen were conducted into what they were pleased to consider the royal presence of Powhatan, or rather of the chief of the Powhatans. They found another of the many monarchs with whom they had made acquaintance, Arahatec, seated on Powhatan's right, and a mysterious individual on his left, to whose hostility they traced some later misfortunes. Here friendly proceedings of the usual type were indulged in, though some of the company raised objections to the Englishmen settling in the country, till reproved by the chief, who was an old round-faced man of stately presence and thin grey hair. With much ceremony they entered into a solemn alliance with him and his nation, Newport and the king embracing as a token of it, followed by the usual distribution of beads and trinkets. It should have been mentioned that an Indian, picked up at their first entrance to the river, had succeeded in mastering sufficient English

to act in some sort as an interpreter. Captain Archer, who has an astonishing proclivity for calling people and places by strange titles of a somewhat laboured nature, speaks of this faithful Indian as their "kind consort." Archer's love of labelling everything and everybody is suitably rewarded by his own name being perpetuated by a point in the river near Richmond still called Archer's Hope, though the man himself was a poor creature so far as we can learn. Furnished with guides, for whom they left a hostage at Powhatan, the Englishmen moved on that night the short distance required to bring them to the head of navigation and the foot of the rapids which fill the broad rocky bed of the James below the hills upon which Richmond is now so finely perched. Here, at any rate, was an end of any airy dreams of a western outlet by water that may have yet lingered in the explorers' minds. So, having gazed for some time upon the rapids, "between content and grief" they resigned themselves for the night with the intention of proceeding by land on the next day. But the next day was Whitsunday, which they celebrated with pork and peas and the presence of royalty at their board, Powhatan accepting an invitation to dine with them, when they indulged in sack and spirits. After this they all went out and sat by the Falls, which appear to have had considerable fascination for many of them; and as they gazed upon the wide expanse of tumbling water, the small islands, the red banks, and the green wooded hills beyond, Powhatan gave them his opinion of the country above and advised them not to attempt to penetrate it. Newport and Smith were both anxious to push on, as the savages had stated that it was from there they got

their copper and iron. But the Indian's description of the long journey to the mountains (the Blue Ridge is about one hundred miles) and of the formidable tribes who were enemies of his and came down and fought with him in the autumn, assisted perhaps by their own good sense, decided the matter. The king, however, somewhat nettled at their importunities regarding this upper country, and fearing, no doubt, that they would make a treaty with its inhabitants, his enemies, departed before the decision was announced. The English then raised a wooden cross on one of the little islets amid the rapids, with the inscription *Jacobus Rex 1607* carved on it, and prayed like loyal men for the welfare of that far-off pedant and for their own success in this undertaking. They concluded this significant little ceremony on the spot which for half a century afterwards was the limit of Anglo-Saxon enterprise, with a great shout proclaiming it the dominion of King James. The cross and the noise stirred the suspicion of even these untutored savages, and caused them to "admire," in the sense that Elizabethan Englishmen and their back-country descendants in some Southern States still use the word. But the ingenious Newport hastened to explain that the two arms of the cross stood for himself and Powhatan, the point where they joined the post for their newly cemented friendship, while the shouts were in honour of the dusky chief himself. The interpreter was the suspecting party, and though more than satisfied for the moment, he insisted that the strangers should repeat the performance on coming again into the presence of Powhatan, which they did, his Majesty and suite waving their skins about their heads in friendly answer

to their shouts. There was a little trouble from time to time with light-fingered savages as they journeyed down the river again, and when they reached their friend king Arahatec's territory he sent them out presents, but regretted his inability to come in person owing to having partaken too freely of their "hot drinks"; it was to this unwonted carousing with his new friends, at any rate, that he attributed his grief, when he appeared the next morning quite cured of it. He then requested to hear a musket fired off; but at the sound he started, stopped his ears, and was greatly terrified. His attendants in the boat all leaped overboard in panic at the noise, and it needed much coaxing to get them back again. This was a kind of medicine entirely outside their experience. They were to hear plenty of it, poor fellows, within the next fifty years.

At what is now Bermuda Hundred they found a queen, or Werowance, "a fat, lusty, manly woman gaily tricked out with copper ornaments and very scantily clothed," to whom they presented gifts. She treated them well, and requested in her turn to have a gun fired off for her edification, fully justifying the epithets bestowed upon her by the stoical fashion in which she received the shock. All these small tribes contained from thirty to sixty warriors apiece, and being more or less under the rule of Powhatan, they were duly informed of the alliance which the English had made with that monarch, and that they were now professed enemies of the unfriendly nation of the Chesapeakes at the mouth of the river. One more visit of consequence was paid before reaching the fort, and that was to

Opechancanough, king of Pamunkey, a chief of some note, who gave the colony a good deal of trouble afterwards. His efforts to look stately were so laboured that he succeeded, from the visitors' point of view, only in looking a fool,—though indeed he proved very far from being one. He had a hundred acres cleared and in crop, —no small area for an Indian village; and he had a wise friend with him, still straight and lusty though he was a hundred and ten years old and covered with white hairs.

Immediately after this a circumstance occurred which made them all feel uneasy. The Indian interpreter refused to accompany them farther. There was no quarrel, but his decision was abrupt and without any apparent cause, and it was enough to determine the voyagers to postpone some visits they had intended to pay and make straight for the fort. It was just as well they did so, for the main body of the colonists, whom they had left there under President Wingfield, had found the Indians much less sociable than the explorers had found them. The time was now drawing near when the trusted Captain of Meldritch and Prince Sigismund, the resourceful traveller on three continents, would be badly needed. Wingfield's confidence in the savages and his regard for their feelings, which, it will be remembered, had occasioned much neglect of the military aspect of their situation, had resulted, as many had foretold, particularly Captain George Kendall, also an ex-soldier and member of the Council. The natives had almost ceased to visit the fort,—an ominous sign, but one that seemed otherwise to the supine and trusting Wingfield; and the settlers went about their various tasks, still well fed, not yet oppressed by great heat, and no doubt

enjoying the novelty of the whole business, with assiduity and confidence. Suddenly, without a note of warning, the savages had burst down upon them. This was on May 26th, the very day before the exploring party returned to the fort. Two hundred Indians dashed out of the woods, and, finding covert in the long weeds that had been most foolishly allowed to grow up in front of the frail barricade, poured showers of arrows on the settlers as they hurried from the corn-ground to their arms and defences, though it is doubtful if the former were even unpacked. There was a short sharp struggle; twelve of the colonists were wounded, two of them mortally. The Council, headed by Wingfield and some of the gentlemen who probably had their arms with them, behaved well, four of them being hit, while the President himself had an arrow through his beard. There is no saying what would have happened had not the ships been moved close to the shore and, with some of their handy crews upon them, opened fire with their ordnance. Even then it seems that it was the boughs of trees crashing down on their heads, more than any actual damage done by the guns, that finally scared away the savages. It was a severe lesson; nor did it bring much consolation to the English to think that they had killed several of their enemies, when they heard them howling in the woods afterwards in such fashion as suggested mourning for the dead.

Not a moment was now lost, and the colonists, aided by Newport and his sailors, at once set about erecting a palisade. Three days afterwards the Indians, who were of the tribe of Paspahegh, assaulted them again, but in half-hearted fashion, and only succeeded in

slaying one of their dogs. The long grass and uncleared thickets still proved useful to the natives, and they succeeded in creeping up close to the camp and making the slightest excursion outside it a matter of danger. One injudicious straggler, Eustace Clovell, came rushing in on the last day of May, with six arrows sticking in his body, "crying, *Come, come, they stick, they stick!*" The poor fellow died in a week. As the palisade rose, however, matters outside quieted down; but within the camp dissensions had reached a climax. "Among the gentlemen and all the company a murmur and a grudge against certain preposterous proceedings and inconvenient courses" had arisen, and a petition to the Council was prepared. The petition resulted in an inquiry, in which the accusations against Smith, among other things, were thoroughly investigated. It had been said that this strenuous person, whom nearly every man there must have already, one would think, begun to recognise in his heart as his superior, had laid deep and devilish schemes on the voyage out. He was to murder the President and Council and make himself King of Virginia,—a fantastic notion which would have amused Smith prodigiously, no doubt, if he had not been so greatly inconvenienced by the sorry jest. Wingfield wished to refer Smith's case to the London Council, but the person chiefly concerned protested, and insisted on being judged by those acquainted with the circumstances. Witnesses were now called, and there is little doubt, after the recent panic, that those who had made Smith's close acquaintance welcomed his appointment to his rightful place on the Council with a gasp of relief. Oddly enough, though, when Captain Newport, whc

was about to leave for England, questioned the President as to his position, Wingfield declared that Gosnold and Archer were the only people likely to make a disturbance or to prove factious. Smith must thus have cleared himself, even in Wingfield's prejudiced eyes, of the absurd accusations against him.

A strong triangular fort, with cannon mounted at the corners and surrounded by a palisade, was now completed. The late Indian guide had in the meantime come in with messages from chiefs up the river disclaiming all sympathy with the treacherous Paspaheghs, but implying at the same time that the English must have been simpletons indeed to leave a high growth of weeds standing right up to their walls. On Sunday, June 21st, they all received the Sacrament; the principal colonists gave a farewell dinner to Captain Newport, who had so far shown himself in every respect a faithful and wise man, and on the following day he sailed for England with a cargo of sassafras and cedar wood. This was a disappointing freight for the London Council, who had dreamed of gold and precious stones; but the main object of the Captain's return was to fetch a fresh store of supplies and to report the state of the colony. Newport hoped by using all diligence to be back in twenty weeks. As there were only provisions enough at Jamestown (and those very sorry ones) for fifteen, the settlers were put at once on short rations.

And now ensued a terrible time. The heat of the Virginian summer in its full strength blazed down upon these ill-assorted and undisciplined pioneers. Every condition of life, work, and atmosphere was strange to nearly all of them. "Within ten days," wrote one of

them, "scarce ten among us could either go or well stand, such extreme weakness and sickness oppressed us, and thereat none need marvel if they consider the cause." Those who have experienced the power of a midsummer sun in Eastern Virginia, the irrepressible fashion in which weeds, briars, and bushes harass the cultivator of the soil even when well housed, well fed, and well equipped, will think compassionately of these sickly amateurs struggling with their hoes alone in the burning cornfields, amid the Indian-haunted woods, though it is true the savages had on the day of Newport's sailing professed to make a peace. The situation, too, at Jamestown was peculiarly malarial, though the full effect of that particular pest would not naturally have been felt before August. But the climax was the deplorable state of the supplies. While the ships had been with them the colonists had always been able to qualify their other rations with ships' biscuit, which the sailors pilfered and gladly exchanged for articles of curiosity or use, which they could not so readily acquire as the landsmen of the expedition. A man's rations for the day now consisted of half a pint of wheat and as much of barley boiled in water. "Had we been as free," cries one of the unfortunates, "from all sins as from gluttony and drunkenness we might have been canonised for saints." Even the grain, from long storage in the ship's hold, was as full of worms as of grains. All the liquor, except a small quantity reserved for emergencies, and about which a great pother shortly arose, was consumed, and the rude houses of Jamestown were not half finished. "Our drink," we read, "was water, our lodgings castles in the air." The labour on

the palisade and fortifications was really severe, stimulated by a wholesome dread of the savages, and would have tried their health, one of them declares, "in the healthiest country in the world." The great forests around them, with their thick summer canopy of leaves above and riotous undergrowth beneath, shimmered in the heat. But the game within them, the deer, turkey, quail, and hares, could not be knocked on the head as in the West Indies, but must have been moderately scarce and wild, seeing that so many Indian tribes lived on them. Indeed, Smith himself says, "though there be fish in the sea, fowls in the air, and beasts in the woods, their bounds are so large, they so wild, and we so ignorant, that we cannot much trouble them." Then, again, the temper of the Indians did not tend to encourage solitary rambling such as was necessary for the successful pursuit of game. They seem to have been able to catch some fish, sturgeon and sea-crabs particularly, but bad weather or some other cause stopped even this supply for a time. And then malaria and typhoid set in, and they began to die; they died so fast that between June and September just half the colonists found a grave instead of the fortune they had looked for in this land of promise.

The fort with the mounted cannon was now a fair defence against the savages, but inside it became a hospital, without the comforts or necessaries of one. Outside there were graves dug and filled every day. Studley, who was storekeeper for a time, honestly owns in his account of the business that it was no fault of the Company's, but their own for taking five months to reach Virginia when two should have been ample.

They had not only consumed the generous supply of provisions the London Company had given them, but, still worse, missed the seeding-time in Virginia and had only the opportunity of putting in a late and trifling corn-crop. Studley gives many names to the ailments of which the colonists died, but leads us to understand that mere famine was the simpler and truer explanation of them. Wingfield seems to have been perfectly inefficient. He was accused,—perhaps unjustly, for he has left us a long and elaborate defence—of applying the small reserve stock of luxuries to his own use and of attempting to escape in the pinnace. Captain Gosnold was one of the few practical members of the Council and community, and he soon fell out with Wingfield. There was much quarrelling among these hungry, fever-stricken, disappointed men, as was only natural. Martin, a member of the Council, was a weak, amiable, and chronic invalid. He and Ratcliffe now went down with fever; Smith had fallen a victim, but had recovered, and by his assiduous nursing, says an independent witness, "pulled his fellow councillors through their sore sickness." Luckily there was a skilful surgeon, Mr. Thomas Wootton, who did his duty and saved some lives. And thus the wretched days dragged on through August to September, till "the living were scarce able to bury the dead." On the tenth of that month, being able to tolerate Wingfield no longer, they deposed him and put Ratcliffe in his place as President. "And now," says Studley and his friends, "just as all the provisions were spent, the sturgeon gone, all help abandoned, and the savages expected every moment, God in that desperate extremity

so changed the hearts of the savages that they brought such plenty of their fruits and provisions as no man wanted." All accounts agree that Smith had now become the main pillar of the colony.

> The new President and Martin being little beloved, of weak judgment in danger and less industry in peace, committed the management of all things abroad to Captain Smith, who, by his own example, good words, and fair promises, set some to mow, others to bind, some to build houses, others to thatch them, himself always bearing the greatest task for his own share, so that in a short time he provided most of the lodgings, neglecting any for himself.

This is the testimony of others. Smith himself says that

> Captain Martin's illness induced him to become Cape Merchant [storekeeper], and yet to spare no pains in making houses for the company, who, notwithstanding our misery, little ceased their malice, grudging, and muttering . . . the chief men were either sick or discontented, the rest of the company being in such despair they would rather starve and rot with idleness than be persuaded to move save under compulsion.

Smith now went out to the mouth of the river to try and trade for corn and catch some fish; but the fishing was a failure. The Indians, believing the remnant at Jamestown to be on the verge of starvation, with the trading instincts of more civilised races offered Smith small pieces of bread and handfuls of beans or corn in return for hatchets or pieces of copper. He treated their insulting overtures with a scorn that showed the strong policy of the resourceful man, though only a fortnight's provisions were in the camp; but he humoured the children, or any of the adults that were

especially generous, by acceptable presents. He then anchored off their town for the night, and returned to trade the next morning, when they kindly entertained him with oysters, fish, bread, and venison. In the end Smith left the place with sixteen bushels of corn, and as he returned toward Jamestown he met a canoe full of Indians who invited him to their town, where he made up his cargo to thirty bushels, with which he reached the miserable fever-stricken spot these unfortunate men had to call their home. And in the meantime, while Smith was racking his brains to help his somewhat feckless companions, and searching the country at the peril of his life for provisions, his slothful associates at the fort were giving away valuable goods for trifling morsels of provisions in the most reckless fashion. Seeing this, and that the majority of the settlers were in such a state of depression that they regarded nothing but the immediate moment, Smith made several more expeditions after food, and brought back supplies on each occasion. "Yet what he carefully provided," says a chronicler, "the rest carelessly spent." Fortunately the wild-fowl from the far north arrived in the river about this time, and the canvas-back duck of those localities, which is still the greatest delicacy among American wild-fowl, must have been a rare treat to these more than half-starved wastrels, who managed to secure a good supply of them.

Smith only returned from one of these expeditions just in time. For the deposed President Wingfield, being naturally sore at heart, and the more so because, save Percy, he was the social superior of the others, began to concoct schemes with Kendall. These two,

having united, as it were, against Ratcliffe and the invalid Martin (for whose continual sickness they had "small love"), won over some of the sailors to a plot for carrying off the pinnace and sailing for England or the West Indies. But Smith, returning unexpectedly, discovered the plot, and seems to have found some difficulty in preventing its fulfilment by ordinary means. So, prompt man that he was, he trained the guns of the fort on these shabby and selfish schemers and forced them "to stay or sink."

They had now a good store of corn and plenty of birds. The pleasant, crisp season of the Virginian autumn was with them in all its glory. Chills and fever had vanished. The foliage of the woods shone with magic colours. The sky was cloudless, the winds were still. Nature's fruition filled the forests with chestnuts, walnuts, chinquapins and persimmons, which last these now uncritical starvelings swore were as good as apricots when ripe. The grey squirrels were fat; the young broods of wild turkeys were wandering over the forest leaves; the big coveys of Virginian quail were clustering beneath the wild vines in the watercourses and haunting the edges of the corn-fields. There was abundance, for the present at any rate, though a terrible winter was in store. Yet they mostly grumbled at the country, especially in company where they could find none to contradict them. Having left nothing behind them in the old country for the most part, they but grumbled the louder, as is usually the case; while Smith, who was a man of substance and character, saw the promise of the land, and with the eye of a true pioneer and colonist endured the hardships of the

moment as transient and inevitable, and in no sense chargeable to the country as a future home for Englishmen.

> As to these others [he writes], being for the most part of such tender educations and small experience in martial accidents, because they found not English cities, nor such fair houses, nor at their own wishes any of their accustomed dainties with feather-beds and down-pillows, taverns and ale-houses, at every breathing place, neither such plenty of gold and silver and dissolute liberty as they expected, had little or no care of anything but to pamper their bellies. For the country was to them a misery, a ruin, a death, a hell.

In spite of the plenty that now reigned, some ill-conditioned souls grew mutinous. The blacksmith went so far as to threaten physical violence to the President, who, it must be admitted, struck him first, and was sentenced by a jury to be hanged. As, however, he was ascending the ladder to the fatal tree, he purchased his liberty by disclosing the details of a heinous plot. His confessions resulted in the execution of no less a person than Captain Kendall, a member of the Council and Wingfield's friend. This was not a matter of hanging, but of shooting, as was right for such a comparatively exalted personage; and shot he accordingly was.

CHAPTER VI

CAPTURED BY THE SAVAGES

WINGFIELD, the deposed President, as already mentioned, was a strong Roman Catholic by family and inheritance. Named after his godparents, a Cardinal and a popish Queen, he invited the suspicions of the ardent followers of the reformed faith. Whatever his own convictions, there is no reason to suppose that he failed to uphold the Church of England ritual as a part of the constitution of the new Colony, if such it can as yet be called, or to support the ministration of the excellent Mr. Hunt, who seems nobly to have done his duty, both as a minister and a peacemaker, till his death in 1609. But a fear of Spain was never entirely absent from the thoughts of the English colonists. Crippled though she had been, her hatred of those who had done her such mortal injury was proportionately deep, and the fate of the French Huguenots in Florida was not forgotten on the Atlantic coast or on the Spanish Main. A not unnatural fear of Spanish spies and a chronic suspicion of their presence in English transatlantic enterprises haunted men's minds, and there seems to have been a wild notion that the unpopular Wingfield might be one. This complaint was, I think, never actually formulated. However injudicious

the poor man may have been, his position throughout this distressing summer would have tested the popularity of a far stronger character. At any rate, he may be absolved from any crimes due to Popish or Spanish proclivities, if indeed they were seriously urged, as he himself tells us they were. But the trial and execution of Kendall is a somewhat mysterious business, of which we know little but the bare facts. Some of the later chroniclers of the Jamestown settlement incline to the opinion that Kendall was himself in the pay of Spain, and that the plot for which he lost his life, the one hatched during Smith's corn-seeking expedition down the river, merely indicated that he was tired of the task he had undertaken, or thinking that his mission was completed, would gladly have stolen away in the pinnace and left the Colony to what then seemed its possible fate of annihilation. In such case the very proper eagerness he had evinced in the early summer to build a strong fort, in opposition to the wishes of Wingfield, was only a blind. One recent writer thinks that Kendall's zeal on this point was in itself suspicious —a conclusion that could only be justified by very strong after proofs of his guilt, which, so far as Spanish intrigue is concerned, we do not possess. After Wingfield's deposition on September 10th he seems to have been relegated to the pinnace as a prisoner. He considered his dismissal as a representative of his Majesty unlawful, but as it was carried out by the Council who had elected him, this point of view, to say the least, is not a very strong one. At any rate, he would be quite likely in such a situation to listen to the schemes of those who were discontented with the new govern-

ment, and might have connived with their views of making off in the pinnace, if he considered himself as the victim of a mutiny. His own testimony regarding the events of this summer and autumn is interesting and valuable, and it is noteworthy that though Smith must have treated the poor President with at least as high a hand as any of his opponents, he makes less complaint of him than of almost any other. Indeed, he had very special cause for being vindictive towards Smith, for immediately following his deposition he was arraigned before a jury for slandering his subordinate, and cast in damages to the sum of £2000. Archer, Recorder of the Colony and a barrister by profession, who did a great deal of writing and talking, and seems generally admitted to have been a mischievous fellow of very little practical good, was a great orator at this trial. Wingfield was prosecuted for his conduct towards Smith, in accusing him of inciting to mutiny on the high seas and detaining him as prisoner on that false charge. Wingfield pleaded that this was done outside Virginia and the limits of their patent, which was true, but Smith had a just grievance none the less, and he got his damages, which he made over to the common fund. At the end of the trial, which included another action for slander brought and won by Jehu Robinson, Wingfield says: "Master Recorder Archer did very learnedly comfort me, that if I had wrong I might bring my writ of error in London; whereat I smiled."

It is astonishing to what trumpery disputes hardship, disappointment, and discomfort had brought these unhappy people; for at this same court the sore-headed Wingfield, "seeing their law was so speedy and cheap,"

brought suit for a copper kettle which Master Crofts had withheld from him, declaring he had received it as a present. The President then asked Wingfield to make oath he had not given it to the said Crofts; but Wingfield replied loftily that he was going to take no oaths about his own property, and showed himself in this trifle, as in other matters, to be at least a gentleman, however unfitted to manage such a refractory and ill-assorted team as had fallen to his hand. Crofts, though registered a gentleman, had no such scruples, and readily took oath that Wingfield had presented him with the kettle. Crofts's conscience would seem to have pricked him, as, according to Wingfield, he had tried to bribe Capper, one of the carpenters, to take the oath for him and go shares in the kettle; but even a carpenter had conscience enough for this, and the gentleman was reduced to doing his own perjury. I have made too light of this incident perhaps, for poor Wingfield, who was too proud to swear to his own property, concludes the melancholy episode with a lament on his lost kettle, "which was in that place and time worth half its weight in gold." He also prayed the Council to be more sparing of law until the community had more wit or wealth, and that while they were so poor it would be well to employ their energies in something that would be of service to the Colony rather than in litigation.

The accusations the Council brought against Wingfield are long and tedious. The master of the pinnace was his jailor, and for his examinations he was brought on shore. More than once he had refused to return to the ship, declaring he would be dragged thither first,

seeing how sickly, starved, and lame he was, and how cold and wet he lay in the little twenty-ton craft.

Wingfield and Newport had been on friendly terms till the latter sailed. Captain Gosnold, another member of the Council, since dead, and a worthy, pious gentleman, had also been an intimate; and it would seem as if the President, secure in the confidence of these two, had distributed the ship's stores in very easy-going fashion without requiring any receipts,—the articles utilised in Indian trade, for instance, having been handed to this or that one without note being taken. The state of the ex-President's accounts, therefore, gave his adversaries a ready handle. They accused him of having a good supply of wine and spirits while the people were dying of sickness for lack of them, of reserving such few delicacies and cordials as there were for himself and his favourites while the rest were starving. Of most of these accusations I think Wingfield clears himself in manly terms. Many of them seem trumpery enough, others more serious. He must at the best, however, have been a hopelessly unconciliatory person, as by his own showing he offended every man of the slightest influence in the community. Sometimes, he complains, he is called a Spanish sympathiser, sometimes an atheist, at others a papist. The only prominent man he has nothing against is George Percy, who seems to have steered through all these troubles without incurring the ill-will of any one. He was a delicate soul, and perhaps a complaisant one; but the world at large has at least to thank him for one of the many narratives of these early struggles.

Bitter as Wingfield is against Smith, he virtually

confesses that the colonists were saved by the latter's exertions in the matter of procuring corn; and if Smith in his turn was not backward in holding Wingfield up to scorn and contumely, he at least, until he won his suit against him, had good reason for his animosity. The conclusion of Wingfield's defence of himself rather does away with the good impression of the earlier part of it. He assumes that some will ask why such a gentleman as he ever joined himself to such men; and then he proceeds to answer these imaginary questions by replying that his zeal for the Virginia business was so overpowering as to outweigh its only too obvious drawbacks. This, seeing the mess he had made of things, was a trifle ridiculous and unworthy of Wingfield, who had probably not done much worse than to mistake his vocation as a leader of men and a pioneer. He rejoiced that his travels and dangers had done somewhat for Jerusalem in Virginia; and finally, though he had great confidence in the wisdom of grave, judicious senators, he had now learned to despise the popular verdict of the vulgar,—a platitude that has never been convincing in any age, or, however sound in theory, strengthened the cause of those who use it.

So much for the first President, who as a person of any consequence to us here disappears from the scene. Authority was now vested in Ratcliffe, Smith, and Martin, while Master Recorder Archer had been elected to the Council, an irregularity that had stirred Wingfield to strenuous protests. Martin was such an invalid that he counts for almost nothing, though loyal and staunch to the enterprise so far as he was able. Smith calls him a "very honest gentleman," and his name is perpetuated

on the James by one of the best known of the old colonial plantations, Martins Brandon, which was first patented by him. Ratcliffe (or Sicklemore) seems to have been a person of no weight or character. It was probable he was a compromise, and was put there to keep out Smith, of whom by this time they were all considerably afraid.

The time was now approaching for the return of Newport and his convoy, and perhaps Smith was anxious to have some result in the way of exploration to show him. The survivors of the now diminished Colony had regained their health, and the rivers were so covered with wild-fowl that there was much abundance: "We feasted daily with good bread, Virginia peas, pumpkins, persimmons, fish, and diverse sorts of wild beasts as fat as we could eat them, so that none of our Tuftaffaty humourists desired to go for England."

As Smith was the only man who had shown any enterprise in exploring or in foraging for food, it was quite in accordance with human nature that the others should grumble because he had not done more. So, though his absence from Jamestown was invariably the signal for brawls and disputes within its wooden walls, the gallant Captain, nothing loth we may be well sure, started off again, on December 10th, with eight picked companions. His purpose this time was to explore the Chickahominy, a considerable river that runs into the James just above Jamestown. Smith had already pushed a short way up it in his quests for corn, but he had something wider in his mind now, if it were only the love of exploration and the interest in topography, that were his leading characteristics. The Chickahominy, though broad and

in some places deep, was obstructed, as rivers in uncivilised countries often are, by trees and the wreckage of floods. After some forty miles, therefore, travelling in the barge becoming laborious, Smith decided to go forward in a canoe with two Englishmen and two Indians, leaving the rest of the crew in a bay of the river. He gave them strict injunctions not to leave the barge, but discipline, even under Smith, must have relaxed after the experiences of the past autumn. No sooner was his back turned than they went ashore, and one of their number, George Casson, took the opportunity for a solitary ramble in the woods. The Indians, of whom there were great numbers on the banks of the Chickahominy, had been friendly on former visits, and had so far shown themselves so upon this one. But they evidently changed their minds in the unaccountable fashion so common among their kind, and seizing the unsuspecting Casson, extracted from him what Smith was doing and which direction he had taken, and then put this unfortunate breaker of his Captain's orders to death. The rest of the crew just managed to reach the barge in safety, and in their panic rowed straight back to Jamestown, reporting the others to be in all likelihood dead. The Captain, however, and his four companions paddled up the river some considerable distance in search of those phantom lakes which had less reality in this part of America, if the explorers had only known it, than in almost any part of the continent. Arriving at a tangled reach of the stream, Smith left his canoe with the two Englishmen and one of the savages, while he himself with the other went forward in quest of game. He left strict

orders with Emry and Robinson, the two men in the canoe, to keep a sharp watch, with the fuses of their matchlocks burning, and to fire an alarm shot at the first sign of danger. Smith, in his narrative of this enterprise, rather apologises for its seeming rashness, but points to the recent friendly attitude of the savages and also to the necessity for doing something to justify the existence of the Colony before Newport returned from England.

Within a quarter of an hour after leaving the canoe Smith heard a loud cry and the Indian war-whoop, but no warning shot. Supposing, therefore, his men to have been surprised, and that the Indian left with them had betrayed them, he at once seized his companion and bound his arm fast to his own with a garter, holding his pistol in readiness to shoot him instantly should he show any sign of hostility. The poor savage, however, seemed really innocent of all knowledge of this business, and strongly urged Smith to fly. But even as they were discussing the question in this somewhat strained situation, Smith was struck with an arrow on the thigh, though harmlessly ; at the same moment he caught sight of two savages drawing their bows on him, which he effectually met by a pistol-shot. By the time he had reloaded again three or four more shot at him, while the first two, who had fallen down, rose and fled. He made his "hind," as he calls his Indian, useful as a shield,—a situation which the latter accepted with much complacency. Twenty or thirty arrows were discharged, but they fell short, and he had fired his pistol three or four times, when of a sudden his old acquaintance, Opechancanough, king of Pamunkey, burst into view with two

hundred followers and surrounded him, every man lying down on the ground, but not shooting. Smith's Indian, having served as a shield and target, now took the part of envoy for conditions of peace. Opechancanough (one could wish he had a shorter name) realised who was in his power, and informed Smith that his companions were killed, but that if he gave up his arms he should be reserved,—rather an ambiguous phrase in the mouth of an Indian. Smith seems to have rejected these terms, and to have been retreating towards the river, when he stepped backwards into a quagmire, and his companion, in trying to pull him out, did the like. Resolving to throw himself on the Indians' mercy, and indeed having no other choice, he now flung his arms away, whereupon the savages, who had hitherto been held in awe by his pistol, rushed forward and dragged him into the presence of the chief. His ready wit, however, was equal to the occasion, and he bethought him of his ivory pocket-compass, which he pulled out and presented to Opechancanough, explaining its uses with a cheerfulness he must have been far from feeling. This so fascinated the savage monarch that, entirely forgetting the little skirmish they had just been engaged in, he suffered the Englishman to give him a long lecture on the roundness of the earth, and the course of the sun, moon, stars, and planets.

This information Opechancanough requited with kind speeches and refreshments, and then, by way of further entertainment, conducted Smith to where the body of his old follower Robinson lay with twenty arrows in it. The effect of the compass, however, and Smith's description of its properties, which caused them all to

"admire amazingly," seems soon to have died away, for within an hour, according to the *General History* (the second and later account written by Smith), he was tied to a tree, and as many as there was room for stood round about him ready to fill him with arrows. But the king holding up the compass in his hand, the savages all laid down their bows, not entirely without the consolation an American Indian feels when he has given his prisoner a foretaste of death.

After this they led him away with great formality. Smith could tell, by the fires burning in different parts of the woods, that it was a hunting party he had fallen in with. They carried him with them for some six miles till they drew near their town, where the women and children all flocked out to see the redoubtable Paleface of whose capture they had already been informed. The king (to use Smith's convenient but grandiloquent title) now threw his men into the formal array customary to such triumphant home-comings. Moving himself in the midst of a bodyguard of twenty bowmen, the rest were disposed in single file, save where the prisoner marched guarded on all sides by armed men. When they reached the town the warriors formed themselves into a circle, and after a brief dance dispersed to their wigwams. Smith was then conducted by one of the leaders to his quarters and regaled with a haunch of venison and ten pounds of bread. What he left of this ample meal was sent with him to his own hut, whither he was presently conducted.

The prisoner was now treated with the highest consideration, food and favours being lavished upon him. Every morning three women brought him as many large

platters of bread and more venison than ten men could eat. His compass and the small valuables taken from him at his capture were restored, and there was nothing his captors would not do for him except let him go. The more they saw of each other the greater grew their mutual regard; but Smith was too shrewd and experienced a man not to have grave misgivings. These tribes were not cannibals in the ordinary sense of the word, and they would not deliberately fatten a prisoner to eat him, though they sometimes used this excess of hospitality in order that their victim might be in a better condition to bear torture, or, in other words, suffer longer and afford the more entertainment. But whatever Smith thought, he kept a bold front and a brave heart, and held long conversations with the king, who took great delight in hearing about ships and the European manner of sailing the seas, about the earth, the skies, and the Christian's God. What he knew of his own country he imparted to Smith in his turn, though his Majesty's imagination must have been lively as he told of people living not a great way off who wore clothes like Smith; and he also stimulated the irrepressible fiction of the inland sea by stating that four or five days' journey above the falls of the James river there was "a great town of salt water." Smith now desired to write to his friends and inform them, as he told his hospitable but fickle hosts, how well he was being treated, lest the English should take steps to revenge his death. In this letter, and in view of not unlikely accidents to his own person, Smith told the Jamestown people of the Indians who wore European clothes and of the inland sea.

The day after the despatch of the letter an Indian came to Smith's tent with a sword to slay him. In the scuffle before he was taken it seems that he had mortally wounded an Indian, and this was the angry father who only came to demand the customary tribute of a life for a life. Having been prevented from approaching Smith by the guard, he next tried to shoot him, but without success. Upon which Opechancanough was summoned and the irate barbarian sent about his business, while the king explained in friendly fashion that the son, who had been wounded by Smith's pistol, had just died.

They next took their prisoner for a short tour through the neighbouring Indian villages, probably for the purpose of their own glorification, eventually arriving on the Pamunkey river. Wherever Smith went the savages flocked to see him. This was no ordinary prisoner, but a great Medicine Man, who was not only arrow-proof, but had a magic needle which always pointed to the North. But he was to astonish them still more, for it was evident from the conversation of the Indians, so far as he could understand it, that they were very eager to attack Jamestown. He had warned the settlers of this in his letter, and had been careful to show the letter itself to the savages. Sign or picture writing would, of course, have had no mysteries for them, but that Smith's caligraphy should have a meaning for his friends at Jamestown seemed nothing short of marvellous; the proof of this lay in the fact that the writer asked for certain articles to be sent him and that he got them. The messengers had to travel through bitterly cold weather to the fort, and when they came within range they were shot at, very naturally. They

left the note, however, in a conspicuous place, and their object being divined, an answer was despatched, which fact amazed Opechancanough and his people beyond measure.

It would weary the reader to recount all the small tribes between the James, the Chickahominy, and the York rivers to whom Smith was introduced. It appears that a crew of white men had some years earlier sailed up the York river and committed unfriendly acts, and a notion was current that Smith was led about that country to discover if its people should recognise him as the culprit. But he was acquitted at once, telling us himself that the piratical European was admitted on all hands to have been of extraordinary size, whereas our hero was of medium build. At the king's habitation at Pamunkey, among other places, Smith was entertained with "most strange and fearful conjurations,"—

> As if near led to hell
> Amongst the Devils to dwell.

A great fire was made in the king's long house, and a mat spread near it, on which he was told to sit while his guard retired to prepare for the ceremony. Presently a great grim fellow, smeared all over with coal and oil, came skipping playfully in. He wore a turban of snakes' and weasels' skins stuffed with moss, and their tails tied together hanging down in tassels: this was surmounted with a crown of feathers, while the mummer's body was decorated with various skins and his face concealed. With a hellish voice and a rattle in his hand he proceeded to invoke his unabashed audience of one, the hardy English adventurer, who must long since have ceased to be astonished at anything. With the

most strange gestures and passionate cries he surrounded the fire with a circle of meal. This done, three more similarly decorated devils came dancing in with the same antics and gestures, painted half in black and half in red, all save their eyes, which were smeared with white. Yet another trio, of equally hideous appearance, though of slightly varied hues, joined the group, and then with an accompaniment of rattles they began a song. This finished, they all grunted in chorus, and then the leader solemnly placed upon the ground five grains of corn in a circle. After this they chanted and groaned again, and then laid down more corns, continuing this diversion all day without meat or drink; an omission, however, which was amply atoned for when night arrived. For three days Smith was the object, or at any rate the compulsory witness, of this demon-worship, the meaning of which, they told him, was to find out whether he meant them well or ill. Finally, they brought him a bag of gunpowder, which they were preserving to plant the next year after the manner of corn. He was then invited to supper, where, surrounded by mountains of bread and meat, he was told to help himself, his hosts refusing to touch anything till he had finished. It is not surprising that, when this particular round of festivities was completed, either Smith himself, or one of his literary coadjutors on his behalf, thus makes moan:

His waking mind in hideous dreams did oft see wondrous shapes
Of bodies strange, and huge in growth, and of stupendous makes.

There is a hint in one account that Smith's digestion

was out of order,—a condition which a course of compulsory gorging after a summer of starvation was well calculated, one may imagine, to promote. But now he was to be taken to the emperor, the great king Powhatan, who, it will be remembered, was introduced to the reader during the expedition of Newport and Smith up to the Falls of the James in the preceding May. His chief house, as already related, was at Werowocomico near the York river, and here Smith was to experience that romantic adventure which alone gives any significance to his memory in the minds of nine people out of ten,—an episode, too, about which his critics, friendly or otherwise, have waged fierce warfare with one another this many a long day. As he entered the long hall of the Powhatan, more than two hundred of those grim courtiers stood wondering at him as if he had been a monster, till the king and his train had donned their finest braveries. Before a fire, on a seat like a bedstead, sat the monarch covered with a great robe of raccoon skins; on either side of him was a young woman; along each side of the hall were two rows of men, and behind them as many women, their heads and shoulders painted red, their hair sometimes bedecked with the white down of birds, while chains of white beads hung round their necks. Upon the whole, it must have been an imposing sight, and one rather cherishes these pictures of the North American savage before he had even seen a white man, to speak of, nor as yet felt the faintest touch of his influence. How ancient, one may well wonder, were these usages and these decorations, the paint, the feathers, their mode of wearing them, and the whole elaborate ceremonial?

When Smith entered into the presence of the Powhatan all the assembly gave a great shout. The queen of Appomatox was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and a bunch of wild turkey feathers to dry them on. He was next feasted, and then a long consultation was held, at the conclusion of which two great stones were brought and placed before Powhatan. Smith was now seized, dragged to the stones, and his head forced down on them. The men stood round with their clubs raised to beat out his brains at a word from their chief, "when Pocahontas, the King's dearest daughter, whom no entreaty could prevail, got his head in her arms, and laid her own upon his to save him from death; whereat the Emperor was contented he should live to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads, and copper." I have quoted Smith's actual words here, as is only fitting, for that simple statement has caused a world of wonder and romance among generations of Anglo-Saxons and a vast amount of acrimonious controversy. But let us forget the critics for the moment, and only remember with pleasure that those hostile to the truth of the episode are in a minority, and not, for the most part, those best equipped for judgment. So Smith was spared, nominally for the uncongenial occupation of making hatchets for the emperor, and bells, beads, and copper for the young woman who had saved him; for the savages supposed he was as handy at these artifices as themselves, their very king, says Smith, making his own robes, shoes, bows, arrows, pots, and anything else as well as the rest. Smith, however, was not destined to lead such an ignoble life. Two days later he was taken to a great house in the woods, and left alone,

there by the fire. Presently from behind a mat that divided the house proceeded the most doleful noise imaginable, and in due course the great Powhatan emerged into view so decorated as to look more like a devil than a man, with two hundred of his warriors behind him all painted like himself. The chief now told Smith that he regarded him as one of themselves, and would give him the country of Capahowosick and for ever esteem him as his son Nantaquond. All he asked in return for this extensive territory and the privilege of adoption was Smith's affection, "two great guns," and a grindstone, which articles he would send him at once to Jamestown to fetch.

To Jamestown, accordingly, with twelve guides went Smith, and that night, January 7th, 1608, their party quartered in the woods. He felt by no means sure of his life even yet, having some experience of the fickle temperament of the Indians; but they reached the town next day without misadventure, where Smith showed his guides all possible kindness and attention. Feeling perfectly safe in the offer, he pointed out two demi-culverins and a millstone to Powhatan's confidential messenger, giving him leave to carry them back to his master. The Indian declined the commission as being beyond his physical powers, but asked that the guns might be fired off. They were accordingly loaded with stones and discharged into the trees, then heavy with icicles; the effect was so alarming, and the noise so great, that the savages ran away half dead with fear. When they were coaxed back again, Smith gave them toys and other trifles for the women and children and sent them home, being fervently thankful, we make no

doubt, to see the last of them after nearly a month of daily and hourly suspense.

> They say he bore a pleasant shew,
> But sure his heart was sad.
> For who can pleasant be, and rest,
> That lives in fear and dread:
> And having life suspected, doth
> It still suspected lead.

These artless lines are applied by Smith himself to the occasion, though they can hardly be thought to do it justice.

Here is beyond doubt the place, now we have got Smith back again safely to Jamestown, to say something of the controversy that rages around the historic episode just related. It is only, indeed, within the last half century that any doubt has been cast upon the story. Smith wrote two accounts of his capture on the Chickahominy and his detention among the Indians, and it is in the second only that he gives the version just related. The first of these accounts was a letter, or rather a tract, written to a friend in England soon after the occurrence in question, and published unknown to Smith. This is known in Virginian bibliography as *A True Relation.* In this he omits all mention of Pocahontas, and speaks of nothing but good treatment after the skirmish in which he was captured. Eight years afterwards, when Pocahontas came to England as John Rolfe's wife, Smith, then himself in London, wrote a letter on her behalf to Anne of Denmark, King James's Queen, therein stating distinctly that she had saved his life. But in 1624, when what is known as *The General History* relating to the founding of Virginia

was published by Smith, and written partly by him and partly by others, the account just given appeared in full form. Why, say the critics, with much plausibility, did not Smith tell the story of Pocahontas in his first narrative? And they suggest that he invented the incident to give himself importance in the eyes of the world by such a strange adventure with the young Indian woman, whom society, with its characteristic hysteria and lack of proportion, was receiving as a royal personage. To prove Smith a deliberate and elaborate liar in the face of all the rest of his writings, which are usually modest and largely authenticated by other authors, would require some very damning evidence. But when he wrote *A True Relation* it was most important that intending settlers should not be frightened by any unnecessary tales of danger; strict orders had been issued by the London Company to that effect, and Smith was virtually the leading official in the Colony at the time, and himself a shareholder. Moreover, the editor in London who published Smith's letter distinctly states in a preface to it, "somewhat more was by him written, which being (as I thought) fit to be private I would not advertise to make it public." The late Mr. Fiske, in his important work *Virginia and her Neighbours*, was one of the latest and most authoritative defenders of Smith's veracity. 'It will have occurred to many of us, too, as it did to this accomplished author, that the Pocahontas incident was merely one of a score of the hair-breadth escapes of which his earlier life was made up, and which were almost inevitable to a man who was always in the van of adventurous enterprises.' It probably did not impress him as it does us in these days,

when the ordinary mortal goes through life without fear or contact with serious peril. Some of Smith's critics also seem to think that the sudden change of attitude of the savages towards him is damaging to his story. Nothing, of course, could be more absurd than this. Such a point of view would merely argue an absence of the most elementary knowledge of Indian custom and character. The whole sanguinary tale of Indian capture, torture, and murder which runs through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries teams with these sudden resolutions for good or evil; this very uncertainty and caprice would seem part of the pleasure of the game to the American Indian, nor till the die was cast was there usually any ill-treatment, either physical or mental, dealt out to the victim. And again, the picture of Pocahontas, who was a child of twelve or thirteen, protecting Smith's life with her own, offering, so to speak, to die with him, is very pretty but wholly fictitious. It was common enough, even when a captive's death had been decided upon, to make a present of him and his life to any influential member of the tribe who should ask for it. The reprieved individual then became the property of his deliverer, and was often adopted into the tribe. Pocahontas was doubtless moved to childish pity, as she subsequently proved herself to be a very superior savage, by the sight of this brave and handsome man being done to death. It is difficult to say whether love, in the accepted sense, had anything to do with her generous action; probably not, and certainly Smith never felt any such emotion, even though one must add a year or two to her tender age seeing her race and country. When her father at

first refused her petition, she could not have herself run much risk in laying her head on Smith's. There was little likelihood of the executioners' dashing out the brains of their chief's daughter, nor any reason for doing so, nor even any serious cause for being so much as irritated with her. She held Smith's head, no doubt, as the most practical way of gaining a few moments for further supplication. Finally, as several good authorities have pointed out, so soon as the captive was handed over to his deliverer,—that is to say, on the next day —he was subjected to those dramatic attentions on the part of Powhatan already described, which in all probability meant his adoption into the tribe, and Powhatan, as we know, gave him land and made him a Werowance, or sub-chief, within his domains. Smith, it will be remembered, had slain at least one member of the nation. The Indian code absolutely required his life in return, unless it were commuted for by some special request like that of Pocahontas, as Mr. Fiske maintains. *A True Relation* (the first letter of 1608) is actually the more improbable of the two in this particular, when it describes Smith, after killing one or more savages, as feasted by their nation and sent home without having in any way liquidated the inevitable and invariable blood-debt of Indian usage.

CHAPTER VII

EXPLORATION OF CHESAPEAKE BAY

THE Powhatan's envoys had declined with thanks the offer of the two demi-culverins, which, Smith tells us, in his *Accidence for Young Seamen*, weighed more than two tons apiece, and carried nine-pound balls at point-blank range for eight hundred yards. Nevertheless, having been kindly treated at the fort, and laden with more portable and less dangerous gifts, they departed in great good-humour. But Jamestown itself was "all in combustion." The coldest winter experienced for a generation, at least, had by cruel fortune bound this remnant of the long-suffering Colony in its iron grip; a state of things that, according to our modern readings, will indicate a temperature at zero or even below it. To men enervated by the unaccustomed heats of a Southern summer, grievously aggravated by scanty starvation and insufficient shelter, this prolonged period of ice, snow, and bitter north-west winds may well have been the last blow. In fact, only the ice-bound condition of the fringes of the river had prevented "the strongest among them" in Smith's absence from making off in the pinnace. Ratcliffe, the President, and Archer, the Recorder, were the moving spirits in this matter,

and well knowing that, now their master-spirit had returned, the opportunities for such base doings would be vastly curtailed, they lost no time in making a serious attempt to get away on the very day of Smith's arrival.

That resolute person, however, was as prompt in this case as he had been with like attempts on the part of the former President, Wingfield, to desert his companions. At the hazard of his own life he collected the small band of men who seem to have been always staunchly loyal to him, and with saker, falcon, and musket-shot forced the would-be runaways "to stay or sink." Nor were these people for the moment, it should be remembered, in danger of starvation, for Smith had left them with a good supply of corn, while the hard weather would have made both the woodland game and the wild-fowl which teemed in the rivers easier to kill, and Newport with his fresh supplies was already overdue. But we must not judge too hardly men who had been so sorely driven by hardship and sickness, hunger and Indian hostility, and had some excuse for considering themselves neglected by their London employers. Such an indulgent view, however, only makes the indomitable Smith stand out in more glaring contrast to the rest, and as he forcibly prevented their flight it is hardly surprising that they immediately set about to compass his end and rid themselves of so high-handed an officer. Their methods were remarkable, and read nowadays as little short of ludicrous; the disaffected also must have been in a majority, or else Smith for form's sake must have feigned obedience to the nominal law of the Colony

and the President's orders, however much he may have despised the last. He allowed himself to be arrested, or at any rate to be formally arraigned, "under the Levitical law," for the deaths of the two men, Robinson and Emry, who had been killed by the Indians, it will be remembered, at the beginning of that expedition up the Chickahominy which resulted in his own capture. One need not waste words in discussing the equity of so monstrous a proceeding, though it is of some abstract interest as revealing the cast of thought possible at the period. It will also be remembered that, even if an explorer could be held guilty for the lives of his subordinates, Robinson and Emry had only lost theirs by deliberately disobeying their Captain's orders, which were "to remain in the boat, while he himself went forward to encounter, alone and on foot, such peril as might be in store." But Smith was more than a match for his enemies, "and quickly," so say three witnesses, "took such order with these lawyers that he laid them by the heels till he sent some of them prisoners for England." Wingfield, however, writing of this episode, speaks of Smith's life being in real danger; he was tried on January 8th, the very day of his return to Jamestown, and was to have been hanged on the 9th, "when by God's mercy Captain Newport arrived in the river and saved both Captain Smith's life and mine." There can be little doubt, I think, that all these fiery transactions occurred on the one day, though it must have begun very early in the morning, and been a long one, including the entertaining and dismissing of Powhatan's deputation, the attempt of the disaffected to escape in the pinnace, and the trial of Smith, who, according to Wingfield, was

to be hanged the next day. But as regards the last matter, Wingfield was a prisoner on board ship, and like to die of it, from his own account. Probably he took a gloomier view of Smith's chances than Thomas Studley (Cape Merchant), Robert Fenton, and Edward Harrington, who were all in the fort, and describe the proceedings there for us. It is significant to note, however, that by this time Wingfield speaks with heartfelt thankfulness of what he supposes to be Smith's narrow escape from the hands of Ratcliffe, Archer, and their gang, much as he disliked him. Another design frustrated by the arrival of Newport was a fantastic scheme of Master Recorder Archer to call a parliament, whatever that may have meant, having in view this assemblage of forty undisciplined and most miserable men penned up together in ill-built shanties round a fort. To judge by Master Recorder's literary work, and his abstention, so far as we know, from anything more practical than local politics and disputes, it was probably the grandiloquent phrase which took his fancy. Possibly he intended to have it put to the vote whether they should desert the Colony or not. One or two writers have professed to see in this request for a parliament the wide-minded, liberty-loving democrat, an ardent champion of the rights of the people born out of his time. Such a notion would seem almost grotesque. Archer was evidently nothing but a spouter and scribbler, and malicious with both pen and tongue. Of his first accomplishment we know nothing, save that he was in every cabal aimed at the upsetting of authority or for deserting the Colony. As regards his writing, it is perfectly commonplace, except for being adorned with complacent

but feeble attempts at humour in the naming of places and people. What the Colony wanted was not talkers, or village lawyers, but a man, and in Smith they had found one, though not much perhaps to the taste of the noisy and the lazy, who were in such a sad majority.

Newport had reached England on his homeward voyage in reasonable time, and had sufficiently represented both to King James and to the Virginia Company how urgent was the need for succour, both in supplies and men, if the struggling settlement at Jamestown were to be kept alive. In the meantime the Spanish Ambassador at the English Court had awoke to the situation, and was making strong protests against this attempt of England to make a lodgment upon that half of the world which Spain had claimed as a private preserve for her misgovernment, her bigotry, and her treasure-hunting. James behaved in characteristic fashion. He sidled and shifted and prevaricated, while, to his credit, he let the preparations for relieving the Colony be pushed forward as fast as possible. Much light has been thrown on the attitude of England and Spain at this moment by the recent publication of a correspondence between Philip the Third and his Ambassador in London, by Mr. Alexander Brown author of *The Genesis of the United States*. James, on one plea and another, postponed all practical discussion till the two ships chartered for the return voyage had been prepared and well supplied with every reasonable necessity and a further contingent of one hundred colonists. One ship, as we know, was commanded by our old friend, Captain Newport, but did not arrive, for reasons not satisfactorily explained, till two months after the calculated date. The other

was in charge of Captain Nelson, "an honest seaman," but after actually sighting Cape Henry was driven back by adverse winds to the West Indies, and did not enter the James river till some weeks after her consort. The delight, however, of the colonists in welcoming the first ship made the tardiness of the other seem of small moment.

In addition to the relief which Newport brought, Smith's adventures with the Indians, and his relations, innocent as they were, with Pocahontas, had brought about a wholly changed condition of affairs. He was now regarded as a member of their tribe and a sub-chief of the Powhatan. Once or twice a week the Indian women, headed by the young girl, brought them all the corn they needed. This, with the supplies of Newport's ship, turned the half-starved settlement for the time into a place of abundance and something like content. But full stomachs only lent more vigour to the factious agitations against Smith. By risking his life, and by a genius for Indian diplomacy which was given to a few Englishmen and Frenchmen in that or the succeeding century, Smith had succeeded in getting great value in corn and supplies for such small measure of exchange in actual value as alone was possible for a struggling and ill-equipped colony. He had at the same time gained the goodwill and admiration of the savages. His opponents, who were consumed with jealousy, and seemed to regard an injury to their benefactor as more to be desired than even the good of the settlement, could think of no better method of undermining his influence than the factious and suicidal one of giving "four times as much as he" out of the newly

arrived stores, and pretending that Smith had treated with hard usage the very savages who but for him would have starved out, tortured, and tomahawked the whole Colony at Jamestown. Moreover, the delight of the settlers at the ship's arrival tempted them into a too indulgent treatment of the sailors, to whom they granted indiscriminate liberty to trade with the Indians. These careless tars, only in Virginia for a few weeks, and restricted by no thoughts of the future, gave extravagant measure to the savages, whose wares they bought, no doubt, as often from mere curiosity as for profit; at any rate, it soon came to pass that as much could not be had from the Indians for a pound of coffee as could formerly be exchanged for an ounce. Newport himself seems to have shared in this indiscretion, and the very friendliness of the Indians, which Smith alone and in his own person had brought about at no cost to the Colony, gave rise to a foolish enthusiasm towards them calculated to breed mischief in the future. The hundred and twenty fresh settlers, as opinionated doubtless as they were ignorant, must have largely contributed to this short-sighted policy. In this consignment, known in all literature connected with the founding of Virginia as the First Supply, came about thirty gentlemen, at the head of whom was one Scrivener, whose intelligence and activity won him a place on the Council almost immediately upon landing. These newcomers had not been in the place more than a week before they succeeded in setting fire to it, and all that there was of the town being thatched with reeds blazed away like a straw-stack. Part of the palisades even were burnt, while great stores of arms, bedding, and apparel were consumed. Poor

Master Hunt, the clergyman, lost his library and everything that he possessed but the clothes on his back, though no one heard him utter a word of complaint. And this disaster occurred in the midst of a most bitter winter.

Now Smith, for purposes of policy and with his happy faculty for seizing the Indian point of view, had elevated Newport, both at his first introduction and during his long absence, into a sort of divinity, and had always alluded to him as his father. Newport himself had by this time assumed in the imagination of the savages a supernatural position, and was known by them as the God of Captain Smith. Seeing the hold Smith himself had won over them, this was no easy part to sustain. The latter himself was regarded as a Werowance under Powhatan, but Newport they had been encouraged to look upon as the Powhatan, so to speak, of all the white men beyond the seas. In preparation, therefore, for acting up to this august position, presents were sent in advance to the great chief himself at Werowocomico, and presently Newport, with Smith, Scrivener, and forty chosen men, set out for that royal metropolis on the York river. They arrived there without misadventure in the pinnace; but when Newport came to the landing-place near which Werowocomico lay a short distance inland, his heart seems to have failed him, according to Anas Todkill, who was of the party, and he began to hesitate. Smith, however, reassured "his father and Divinity," undertaking with twenty well-appointed men to go alone and encounter the worst that could happen. Accordingly Smith and his twenty men, escorted by two hundred savages, picked their way

through the woods and over the rickety bridges which crossed the swamps, the Englishman making his Indian friends test every one by crossing first. When they came into the presence of Powhatan, that sovereign welcomed his old friend with great enthusiasm, and "strained himself to the utmost of his greatness to entertain him and his party." They had passed into his presence between a crowd of four or five hundred armed warriors, and he received them, as he had received Smith alone on a far different occasion, seated in solemn state in his house, a hundred feet long, made of birch bark stretched upon arches of timber. There was the same abundance of red paint and feathers, the same elaborate grouping of wives and bodyguard; but this time there were also great shouts of joy, and tremendous ovations of welcome and affection, with mountains of bread and meat, orgies of dancing, singing, and feasting, to say nothing of a royal proclamation that no wrong or discourtesy should be offered to the white men on pain of death. They all stayed the night with Powhatan, and the next day Newport, whose nerves had recovered with the treatment accorded to his companion, went on shore. He and the rest of the men were received with a fresh outburst of acclamation, and the entertainment was kept up for three or four days, varied by intervals for business, when trade went briskly forward. Newport presented Powhatan with an English boy named Thomas Savage,—which seems hard on the boy, who could not have found much consolation in being described in the transfer as Newport's son, but there were prudential motives underneath these exchanges which are obvious. The chief, in his turn, handed over to the English his own trusty servant Namontac, who is

described as a shrewd fellow. During the whole proceedings Powhatan carried himself so proudly and discreetly as to be the admiration of his guests, or, as Anas Todkill quaintly has it, "considering his education." But one part of his majesty's education at any rate had not been neglected, and that was the business side of it. When his subordinates had finished their transactions he suggested that he and Newport should now enter into negotiations between themselves, on a wholly different plan from the grovelling and sordid bargainings of their inferiors. To begin with, he proposed that Newport should display everything he had for trade, and he himself would then select what he approved of and would put his own value upon it. That was in his opinion the only kind of commerce worthy the dignity and position of great chiefs. Newport was rather dazzled by the magnanimity of this suggestion; but the practical Smith, who had learned their language and was interpreter at the meeting, bluntly told Newport that the wily old savage only intended to cheat him. Newport, however, thinking he knew better, insisted upon doing business on these generous lines, whereupon Powhatan proceeded to overreach the guileless or zealous mariner in such unblushing fashion that only four bushels of corn were offered where twenty hogsheads might fairly have been looked for. This bred some unkindness, the chronicler tells us, between the two Captains, and Smith's filial feelings towards his imaginary father were sorely tried. But he bridled his choler in front of the savages, like the politic man he was, and dangling in the eyes of the disappointed chieftain a few blue beads, held forth on their beauty and rarity with such eloquence that in a

short time Powhatan had forgotten everything in his insatiable desire to possess these precious treasures. The result was that when they left Werowocomico the visitors took with them three or four hundred bushels of corn for these few beads, and parted very good friends. Smith then took Newport and the party to their old acquaintance Opecancanough, Chief of Pamunkey, whose eyes he also dazzled with the blue beads, and made an equally good bargain in the matter of corn exchange. In a sense, however, the two chiefs got their money's worth, for the beads, which apparently were of a new variety, acquired such a reputation from Smith's eloquence that "none durst wear them but their great kings, their wives, and children."

The morality of Indian trading is a question outside our range of discussion. But Smith had to face practical issues, and the precise scale of value in blue beads and bushels of corn would have puzzled the critics then toasting their toes before snug London firesides in that winter which was as bitter in England as in Virginia.

You may see to-day in great numbers of the streams in all parts of Virginia a deposit of yellow dust, that one can readily believe to have been mistaken for gold three centuries ago by unskilled persons exploring a country where gold had been expected to exist in fabulous quantities. Over this worthless dust there now ensued a veritable madness. Everything else was abandoned; even the ordinary precautions against the Indians were neglected for this phantom pursuit. "There was no talk," writes Mr. Todkill, "no hope, no work, but dig gold, wash gold, refine gold, load gold, trade gold—such

a bruit of gold that one mad fellow, a wag, desired to be buried in the sand, lest they should make gold of his bones." Newport himself was carried away by it, and the ship which ought to have sailed in February remained on into April, the sailors helping to eat the supplies which had been brought out for the Colony, and to demoralise the savages. Smith alone, it would appear, stood aloof from the madness. He would require some better proof than that, he told the harmless and sickly Captain Martin, who was still on the Council, before he helped "to freight such a drunken ship with so much gilded dirt." Everything else in the meantime was at a standstill, even the rebuilding of Jamestown, while they loaded the ship with worthless sand and consumed their rapidly decreasing stock of provisions. At last by April 10th the precious freight was ready to sail, and "having no more use," as our chronicler tells us, for "Parliaments, plays, petitions, admirals, recorders, Courts of plea, justices of the peace," and other such superfluous luxuries, Edward Maria Wingfield and Master Recorder Archer were packed off on the top of the gold dust, the one to clear himself if he could, the other to indulge in unbridled slanders of those in Virginia who had not held him in much account.

On the departure of the ship, Smith, assisted by Scrivener, the new member of the Council, and the only one of much use, set to work to rebuild Jamestown, repair the fortifications, clear fresh land and prepare it for corn. While they were all thus busily employed, the long-delayed ship, the *Phœnix*, with Captain Nelson, sailed up to Jamestown. It will be remembered that Nelson

had been blown back from the very shores of Virginia to the West Indies, where he landed his men to refit and victual, and so wisely had he managed his affairs that he brought his stores intact into the James. The colonists had given him up, and their delight was great. The *Phœnix* apparently carried no settlers, but only stores besides its crew. The joy was heightened by finding that Nelson was, actually and literally, an honest mariner, and handed over everything he had for them without tax or charge; for it seems that Newport's crew had shamefully sold the provisions, the property of the London Company, to the unfortunate settlers for whose support they were sent out, and by these scandalous means had stripped them of what poor remains of rings, buckets, and trinkets were left to them. But the good Nelson shared everything he had with the landsmen, which, after their recent experience of mariners, caused them prodigious wonder.

With whatsoever produce they loaded the *Phœnix* for her homeward voyage they were naturally anxious to add to the value of her freight some news of good work done. Ratcliffe, who was still President, not thinking it consistent with the dignity of his office, as one sarcastic chronicler has it, to leave the fort, appointed Smith to the command of a fresh expedition up the river. Much as Ratcliffe and his abettors hated Smith, when it came to a question of leadership in anything but talk, they had no choice but to turn to him, secretly hoping, perhaps, that they would see his face no more. He did not himself think the time as yet opportune for another expedition, being anxious to load the ship with cedar-wood, get her away, and

complete the fortifications before leaving Jamestown. Poor Martin, however, was still deranged upon the gold question and urgent to send another load of mica dust. This was promptly quashed, and Smith's suggestion of the cedar-wood adopted. Captain Martin, who had been a useless encumbrance to the Colony, though upon the whole inoffensive, now took passage for home in the returning ship, not apparently from any consciousness of inefficiency, but from eager desire to pose as the discoverer of the great and glorious gold-mine with whose produce Newport's ship was by this time, no doubt, astonishing the Company and the country. It should also be related that Smith's first account of the Colony up to this period, known as *The True Relation*, went home in the *Phœnix*, and was addressed to a friend in the Council for the latter's benefit. He also sent a letter by the same ship to Henry Hudson, the great explorer, as his mind was now running on somewhat similar intentions.

While Smith had been vigorously loading the *Phœnix*, the excellent Scrivener backed him up zealously in the new works on the town and fortifications, if such grandiloquent phraseology be permissible. The former had been given sixty men for his new expedition, and, while seeing to the other matters, he drilled and exercised his force up to such perfection that they little feared whom they should encounter,—some of them at any rate. They had an opportunity of showing their mettle before they left home ; for Powhatan, it seems, had presented the English with a score of turkeys, in exchange, as he vainly imagined, for as many swords. But deadly weapons were not yet an article of commerce between

settlers and natives. This was a type of business which flourished only when rival European races were in reach of each other, or, as will be seen later, when treachery and starvation were rife. However that may be, Powhatan's people thought themselves aggrieved, and tried to steal the swords by hiding around the palisade or surprising solitary settlers. There were strict orders from home not to assault the natives under any conditions, which well suited, says a sarcastic writer, the President and some others who remained in their houses. At length the insolence and attacks of the Indians became unbearable, and Smith, seeing that further submission would be misconstrued for weakness, decided, in spite of Ratcliffe and the Council's orders, to give them a lesson, which he did with the thoroughness that marked most of his actions, and which was emphatically necessary in this case, if any step was to be taken at all. He hunted these skulkers, captured most of them, whipped some, and kept seven prisoners. When a body of this tribe approached the fort in a hostile attitude demanding the captives, Smith, with a company of his trained men, sallied out and gave them such a lesson, though he took none of their lives, that they offered peace on any terms, so that "whereas before we had sometimes peace and war twice in one day, and not a week passed without some treacherous villainy or other, they were now in such fear and obedience that Smith's very name would sufficiently affright them." Smith, having given his prisoners a sound flogging, treated them well, and let them go, on account of the king's daughter Pocahontas. Powhatan, on his part, disclaimed any sympathy with these skirmishers, though

it is very probable that he egged them on to feel the strength of the English since their reinforcements.

Before the expedition started, however, Ratcliffe's extravagance with the food-supply compelled interference, and Smith, backed by his so far trusty and energetic Scrivener, insisted on some regular method being followed in the matter of its distribution. After settling this they got away upon June 2nd, though not in the direction of the Falls of the James, as had been originally intended, but out towards the river-mouth and the Chesapeake. Smith sailed in the barge this time, taking with him seven picked gentlemen, including a doctor, and as many trusty soldiers. They seem to have accompanied the homeward-bound *Phœnix* so far as Cape Henry, the southern point of the Chesapeake and some sixty miles distant from Jamestown. Here they bade adieu to the honest Nelson, and, steering due north, crossed the entrance of the bay to where the islands, then named and still called after Smith, cluster round the southerly point of the Accomac peninsula, which in the previous spring they had christened Cape Charles. They found here savages who proved friendly, spoke the language of Powhatan, and in it told them some useful facts as well as some amazing fairy tales, their chief being "the comeliest, most proper and civil savage" Smith had yet seen. Passing up the shores of the two present counties of Northampton and Accomac, which compose this long, low-lying, and curious peninsula, they searched every bay and creek. Nearing the head of the Chesapeake, and seeing many islands in the middle of the bay, they were nearly swamped in trying to reach them, by a gale which sprung up accompanied by a terrific thunderstorm.

These islands and headlands they named after one another and various distant celebrities, and Smith busied himself with the beginnings of that map which he has left to us, and which is so truly wonderful when measured with his opportunities. He remembered, among others, his noble patron in Brittany who had done him so good a turn, and called a spot of land Point Ployer; while, as if to show the range of his sympathies, even the private soldiers' humble patronymics were applied to islands or bits of mainland, some of which are still, after all these centuries, not much less wild than they were then. They landed here and there in search of water, often vainly, or to introduce themselves to bands of Indians, who sometimes met them with a shower of arrows and sometimes with the most deferential cordiality. Again they were nearly shipwrecked, the mast and sail going overboard, and were only kept afloat by the assiduous bailing of the whole company. At another time they were cast upon a barren island without water for two or three days, where they made a fresh sail out of their shirts. Indeed, it was somewhat of a hardy venture to traverse the length of the great bay in a home-built barge of three tons. Flat or undulating shores densely clad with wood retired behind long strips of waving marshes, where wild-fowl bred and still more sought winter-refuge from the far North in countless millions, and even yet are there in notable abundance. They passed, too, without knowing it, the mouth of the Potomac, which had apparently been wrongly described to them by the voluble king of Accomac, and rowed or sailed along the western shore to the mouth of the Potapsco,

up which Baltimore is now situated. According to three collaborating recorders of this expedition,—Todkill, Mumford, and Dr. Russell—some of the gallants who accompanied Smith had ventured, in the enthusiasm of the start, to rashly express a fear lest the Captain would shrink on his own account from a complete exploration of the Chesapeake, and so baulk them of the chance to show what brave fellows they were.

But having lived in this small barge not above twelve or fourteen days, oft tired at the oars, our bread spoiled with wet so much that it was rotten (yet so good were their stomachs that they could digest it), they did with continual complaints so importune him now to return, as caused him bespeak them in this manner: "Gentlemen, if you would remember the memorable history of Sir Ralph Lane, how his company importuned him to proceed in the discovery of Moratico, alleging they had yet a dog, that being boiled with sassafras leaves would richly feed them on their return; then what a shame it would be for you (that have been so suspicious of my tenderness) to force me return with so much provision as we have, and scarce able to say where we have been, nor yet heard of that we were sent to seek. You cannot say but I have shared with you in the worst which is past; and for what is to come, of lodging, diet, or whatsoever, I am contented you allot the worst part to myself. As for your fears that I will lose myself in these unknown large waters, or be swallowed up in some stormy gust, abandon these childish fears, for worse than is past is not likely to happen, and there is as much danger to return as to proceed. Regain, therefore, your old spirits, for return I will not (if God please) till I have seen the Massowomeks, found Potomac, or the head of this water you conceit to be endless."

For two or three days much foul weather beset them; three or four of the gallants fell sick, and their pitiful complaints apparently softening Smith's heart, he turned southward again. The afflicted, however, recovering,

Smith sailed up the Potomac, and must have gone far past where the city of Washington now stands, since they penetrated as high as the head of navigation and touched the rapids. The Indians demonstrated by thousands at a time upon the shores, "so strangely painted, grimed and disguised, shouting, yelling, and crying as so many spirits from hell could not have shewed more terrible." They were so furious at long range that Smith could not apparently resist the pleasure of feigning an attack upon them. But when they heard the crash of the guns echoing in the woods and saw the bullets ricochetting along the water, they flung down their bows in terror as a sign of instant peace.

High up the Potomac the voyagers were stirred to momentary excitement by finding a veritable mine of what Smith calls antimony, which the natives dug out of a mountain with stone hatchets and sprinkled over their bodies on festive occasions. Previous accounts had prepared them for finding some such workings, but had not unreasonably raised their expectations that silver was the mineral procured. And indeed, if Smith had known it at the time, more than half of it, when washed and packed in small skin bags after the custom of the savages, was actually pure silver. The hopes of finding gold in Virginia, which these early colonists indulged in, though possibly only based on the Spanish eldorados to the southward, were, as a matter of fact, much less fanciful than European, and probably many American, students of this period are prone to think. A well-known gold-belt runs through the central counties of Virginia, of sufficient value to have maintained a limited and fitful, but not wholly unprofitable, industry

for nearly a century past both in surface and deep mining, of whose operations the present writer has been an eye-witness, within a day's ride of the James river. The same veins, but of a more consistent value, crop out in North Carolina, a hundred miles or so to the south, and have been steadily worked since a period prior to the Californian discoveries, when the United States Government actually had a mint here.

But we must not dwell too long on the details of this intricate and indented Virginian coast as first discovered and described by Captain Smith, interesting as it may be to those who know it now and can compare it with its first appearance as set forth by these early pioneers and with Smith's map made three centuries ago. How much longer the indomitable Captain would have kept his wearied gallants and tougher soldiers afloat one may not guess, if he had not himself fallen a victim to a deplorable piece of bad fortune. As they were drifting on the Rappahannoc and the fish were swarming round them in great shoals, they began, partly for sport and partly for replenishing their stock, to practise the Indian art of spearing fish, though with their swords for want of handier implements. The fun going forward quite merrily and not unsuccessfully, the Captain, being foremost and heartiest at the play, transfixed a fish upon his sword, which, as he was handling it, thrust a sharp sting an inch or so into his wrist. No blood nor wound worth mentioning was visible, but the torment was extreme, and in four hours the Captain's hand, arm, and shoulder were so swollen, that all with much sorrow gave him up for lost, and "anticipated his funeral"; they even went so far as to prepare his grave on a neighbouring island,

—a ceremony in which Smith himself seems to have taken some personal interest. But the man who had braved so many perils was not destined to succumb in such ignominious fashion, for good Dr. Russell, with a precious oil, got the better of the poison, and in so complete a manner that the patient had the exquisite satisfaction of revenging himself on the offending fish, which is known as a sting-ray, by eating it for his supper. Stingray Point at the mouth of the Rappahannoc still commemorates the incident. Then, loaded with the articles which at various points they had procured by trade or gift from the Indians, they sailed for home, Smith being now in no condition to hold out for further adventure. When they reached Jamestown they found the last Supply,—that is to say, the hundred and twenty-eight men who had come with Newport,—nearly all sick. Of the remnant of the old Supply, some were lame and some bruised, and all with one voice complaining of the pride and needless cruelty of the foolish President (Ratcliffe), who had riotously consumed the store, and not only that, but had actually forced some of them to build him a private house in the woods. Indeed, if Smith had not come they would have "strangely tormented him with revenge."

The fury of the sick and wearied colonists was only appeased by some extremely optimistic statements regarding the expedition, and hints that the bay had been found to stretch into the South Sea, "or somewhere near it," a rider which doubtless quieted the explorer's conscience. The colonists, however, would retain Ratcliffe as President upon no terms, and insisted on Smith taking his place. The latter, being bent on returning to

the Chesapeake to continue his explorations, substituted his friend Scrivener (who was at the moment sick) in the Presidency, and with a shrug of contemptuous despair left the rest of the company "to live at their ease," and embarked himself to finish his discovery. With half a dozen gentlemen and as many soldiers, including, among many of his former followers, the faithful and sarcastic recorder Anas Todkill, Smith set out again on July 24th.

In the narrative, written again by Todkill, but this time with the assistance of two others, Bagnall and Powell, we are taken with little delay right up the head of the bay. The fresh members in this crew, being of Newport's party, were for a time useless from sickness; so when they landed, five only in number, to parley or take their chance with the Indians, Smith hung the hats of the invalids upon sticks, covering up the owners in the bottom of the boat with tarpaulins, a ruse which seems to have been effectual with the savages in those primitive times. At the head of the bay the explorers found hatchets and knives, which the savages said they had got from the Susquehannocs, a formidable tribe farther to the north, while to Smith's mind there was no doubt he had come within touch of French influence. Otherwise their adventures were very much the same as on the first expedition. They sailed up the rivers and set up crosses, engraving their names upon them, sometimes skirmished with the Indians, but more often making friends with them, through the fear of their firearms. There was plenty of dancing and merry-making, oratory and trading, and also map-making on the part of Smith. They had explored the Susquehanna, at the head of the

bay, far up its course, and upon the whole performed much useful work. When they reached Jamestown early in September they found Scrivener and some others recovered, many dead, some sick, and the late President a prisoner for mutiny. By the honest diligence of Master Scrivener, the harvest (other, of course, than the maize) had been well gathered, but the provisions in the store had been much spoiled with rain.

Master Anthony Bagnall, Nathaniel Powell, and Anas Todkill reckon that three thousand miles had been covered in that three-ton barge; and, as if to emphasise the contrast between their enterprise and the sickly drones at Jamestown, they break into verse:

> But 'cause to wanton novices it is
> A province full of fearfulness, I wis,
> Into the great vast deep to venture out:
> Those shallow rivers let them coast about,
> And by a small boat learn there first, and mark
> How they may come to make a greater bark.

CHAPTER VIII

PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL

On September 10th, immediately after Smith's return from his second voyage up the Chesapeake, he actually received the letters-patent constituting him President,—a formality he had hitherto shirked. The distant discoveries which so fascinated him were over for the moment. Being now legally head of the Colony and responsible for its conduct, he prepared to set his turbulent house in order. It is a little hard to understand how much power even worthless men, invested only with the shreds of authority, exercised over their fellows in these wilds, for Ratcliffe's "palace in the woods," we are told, had still gone forward.

Smith, however, having soon quashed this business, set about repairing the present buildings of Jamestown, and erecting new ones for the colonists expected shortly from England. He reduced the fort to a five-square form, and reorganised and trained the watch. Every Saturday he paraded the whole company in a plain outside the fort, prepared for that purpose, and named after himself, Smithfield, putting them through military drill and exercise, to the wonderment of the savages, who looked on admiringly, while a squad of soldiers

battered a target with their bullets. And now arrived Newport again with the Second Supply, which consisted of several persons, including a gentlewoman, Mistress Forrest, and her maid, and twenty-eight more gentlemen. There were also eight "Dutchmen,"—Germans, probably, and Poles—expressly shipped for the unprofitable task of making pitch, tar, and glass, but unfortunately destined also to make much mischief. The Council, moreover, was reinforced by two new arrivals, Captains Winn and Waldo, while Master Francis West, brother to Lord De la Warr, was of the party. The provident Smith had just before this sent out Lieutenant Percy with a crew, to collect the corn which had been promised to them by various Indian tribes on their last journey. Unluckily they met Newport with his men sailing up the river, and that short-sighted mariner, secure himself against short commons, promptly ordered Percy back again to "discover the country of the Monacan's above the Falls." This was one of the many confusing and unpractical orders sent out by the comfortable gentlemen in London, and obeyed with somewhat unnecessary precision by Newport. Whether there was food enough for the hundred and thirty odd colonists, and the seventy he was about to add to their number, does not seem to have occurred to the captain. He was probably in a bad humour, and was not likely to feel more kindly towards Smith because the latter's jibes at his gold dust had been more than verified, while his strictures upon the sea-captain for wasting so much time in Virginia at the last visit and eating up so much of the colonists' supplies were still remembered. Nor had these failures made it easier for Newport to face the Council of the

London Company, who, in their turn, were irritated at so much profitless expenditure. The load of mica dust must have been a peculiarly exasperating consignment, and the cedar-wood which followed with Captain Nelson, though an eminently practical article, was no great consolation to men who still dreamed of gold and North-West passages.

Newport appears to have had a kind of ultimatum presented to him by the London Council. Wingfield and Archer had been telling their tales, and it was only to be expected that these should be damaging to the reputation of Smith and the few others whose common-sense and energy had alone kept the settlement in existence. Newport had been told in effect by the Council to stay in Virginia till he had found either the North-West passage or a lump of gold, or the lost remnant of Raleigh's Roanoke colony. Instructions were sent by his hand to Smith informing him that the South Sea probably lay on the other side of the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies, which double range of mountains seems in their mental vision to have been an obstacle of about the calibre of the Cheviot Hills. They sent out a boat in five pieces to be carried across these trifling ridges,—after, that is to say, it had been pushed up the hundred and odd miles of intermittent rapids that characterised all these Virginian rivers between tide-water and the still undiscovered mountains in the background.

It is the old story of the man upon the spot, grizzled and worn by the daily realities of an illimitable and uncivilised world, and the critic at home, admirable, perhaps distinguished in every conceivable line of conventional life, politics, or administration, but wholly

unable to place himself in the position of persons facing a world where civilisation, if it exists at all, must inevitably be very young. Smith is not the first man in his position who has sent "a rude answer." Many such have been docketed and put away by governments, and may be yet reposing in their dusty nests; but Smith's (which will be referred to later) has happily become a part of the classic collection relating to these events that printers and scholars have placed for all time at the disposal of any one who can read English.

And here again let a word be said in extenuation of these poor, half-starved, ill-provided settlers, whom admiration for those whose spirit rose superior to their deplorable circumstances tempts us from time to time to treat with perhaps undue harshness. With a few exceptions they had no stake in the Company, whether gentlemen or labourers. Smith, of course, had some money in it, but I think it will be admitted that, whatever his faults, his passion for exploration and talents for leadership stood apart from pecuniary motives; as a matter of fact, he seems to have been careless enough as regards personal aggrandisement. But nearly all the others were working without pay, and for a most precarious subsistence. They had no private land-grants, as yet at any rate, and the prospects of developing private estates and founding families, which a generation later made Virginia a desirable country, must have been dim enough with savages howling outside their fort and sickness, hunger, and dissension reigning within it. It is at least creditable that twenty-seven out of the forty of the first survivors had, in the winter of 1607-8, voted against returning home. Poor material for the purpose

though they mostly were, and just targets for the very natural scorn of the more highly gifted and strenuous men among them like Smith, they neither lived nor did they die all in vain. It may well be doubted if any group of a hundred average Englishmen of that day, drawn by lot from those who were leading normally useful and reputable lives, would have fared much better or quarrelled much less. So far from the men who have failed at home being likely to succeed as colonists, it needs for such success a stronger and more resourceful character, a wider sympathy, a firmer will than is necessary to an average career along the beaten paths of professional or mercantile life in the old countries. And here, in this new Virginia, there was yet another quality called for, much rarer still, namely, that of dealing wisely and firmly with savage races. Smith combined them all. It is impossible to follow him here through his various adventures with the Indian tribes, from the head of the Chesapeake to the upper waters of the James; but whether he found them hostile or not he always left them friendly. He approached them fearlessly, though never off his guard. If they were incorrigible, a timely discharge of musketry, not usually with fatal aim, brought them round; if friendly, he seemed to divine exactly when he could trust his life among them and attach them to him, so far as they could be attached, though, like all such men, he was continually denouncing that weak and foolish sense of security which invariably brought disaster sooner or later. And now, in this Second Supply, a fresh batch of inexperienced workers and potential invalids, with no very definite mission to perform, was deposited among

the seasoned and the half-seasoned. The Indians, up and down the rivers, were not openly hostile, but their suspicions had been aroused by the first settlers, and the newcomers were certain to breed further disquietude. Smith was beginning to find it difficult to pose as a Werowance of Powhatan, or as his son, any longer. Two hundred men with big guns that knocked the tops off trees were not the kind of vassals or children that the cunning old chieftain had bargained for.

But the London Council had devised a beautiful scheme for securing the perpetual affection of the "Emperor." He was to be solemnly crowned; and a present of a basin and pitcher, bed, bedstead and clothes, was to add lustre to the ceremony. One can imagine how Smith's lip must have curled when, as President, he received his instructions. We know what he said from *The Rude Answer*, while Messrs. Wiffin, Fettyplace, and Todkill, who carry on the chronicle at this period, are no less contemptuous, and as regards the coronation presents regret that the more effective offering of a large piece of copper was not substituted for such "costly novelties." Poles and Germans, as already mentioned, had been shipped out to manufacture pitch, tar, glass, and soap-ashes, a proceeding which excited the ridicule of the others, seeing that the main problem now was to feed so great a number of men, while none of the aforesaid articles were in the least demand at Jamestown, and if sent to England, would have cost, when landed there, four times the price at which they could be imported from Russia. Waldo and Winn, Smith's new Councillors, were "ancient soldiers and valiant gentlemen," but ignorant, of course, of the

country, and proportionately tenacious of their unripe opinions.

The coronation, besides seeming ridiculous to the more sensible of the older settlers, seemed also a sad waste of time and energy. Newport, who accused Smith of having created the latent hostility of which the Indians were suspected, was to withdraw one hundred and twenty men from their small force as a guard to Powhatan's capital at Werowocomoco. In answer to this Smith replied that, to show the good temper of the Indians and to save such a waste of time and labour, he would go himself with only twelve men to Powhatan, and try to persuade him to come to Jamestown, and there receive his presents and his imperial crown. To this suggestion Newport could only assent, and accordingly Smith, not with twelve men but with four only, made the journey to Werowocomoco. The chief, unconscious of the honours in store for him, was thirty miles away hunting, and while messengers were being sent after him, the young Pocahontas entertained Smith and his friends in lively fashion. Having seated them on the inevitable mat before a fire in an open field, there suddenly burst from the woods, now gorgeous in their autumn colouring, such an uproar that the Englishmen seized their arms, expecting it to be Powhatan himself returning unexpectedly in a bad temper. Thereupon Pocahontas rushed forward to Smith and vowed he might kill her if any evil were intended; the audience of men, women, and children around them supported her protestations with loud applause, and the visitors waited for the next development. This was Arcadian with a vengeance, for thirty young women, with practi-

cally nothing on, and all painted different colours, came dancing out of the woods led by the redoubtable princess herself. Pocahontas had a pair of buck's horns on her head, an otter's skin at her girdle, another on her shoulder, a quiver of arrows on her back, and a bow in her hand. All of these frisky maidens were horned alike, and carried articles in their hands as varied as their colours. Forming a circle round the fire, with "hellish shouts and cries" they sung and danced with mad antics for the best part of an hour, when they as suddenly vanished. After feasting the Englishmen they then took them to their quarters. Smith, who, it will be remembered, was a Werowance of Powhatan, had failed to take a wife from the tribe, a grave omission in their eyes. He had now to undergo an embarrassing ordeal, for all these dusky maidens set about competing for the honour in resolute and embarrassing fashion, hanging round his neck and crying, "Love you not me? Love you not me?" It is strange to think that their leader within three or four years was ruffling it in silks and satins among the ladies of King James's Court. But Smith seems to have had a good deal of the Puritan about him; at any rate, women do not seem to have entered much into his scheme of life.

The next morning Powhatan himself arrived, and not in the best of humours; for when he heard Newport's invitation to Jamestown to receive the Great King's presents, he bridled up considerably and reminded Smith that he also was a king. If his "Father," Newport, wanted to see him, he said, let him come to Werowocomoco; it was none of his business to dance attendance at the English fort; and, in brief, he refused point-blank

to "bite at such a bait." As for the Monacans, the unvisited tribe high up the James, against whom Newport promised to assist him, he could revenge his own injuries, while the people who had been telling the English that there was a salt sea behind the mountains had been merely making fools of them. To Smith he was friendly enough, and began to draw maps with his toe upon the sand demonstrating the absurdity of a transmontane sea, the two discussing geography for a long time to their mutual satisfaction. He probably told him that from any high point thirty or forty miles above the first falls of the river (Richmond) the English would see the Blue Ridge cutting the horizon from north to south; he may have also told him, though it could have been from hearsay only, that from the summit of that most beautiful of all American ranges they would look across the broad valley of the Shenandoah, and in the far distance again see the yet higher and infinitely deeper chain of the Alleghanies themselves. But the coronation was the immediate business in hand, and though Smith did not think much of it, and Powhatan had as yet only fixed his eye on the presents, and that, as we have seen, with much dignified reserve, still the ceremony had to go on, since the gentlemen in London had said so and had actually despatched the insignia.

It was a question this time of the mountain going to Mahomet, and as the bedroom furniture for the emperor had to travel by water, this involved a journey of a hundred miles, though the British and Indian capitals were only some twenty miles apart across country. The Captains, however, with fifty good shots, went by land,

and timed their arrival with much accuracy to meet the barge-load of upholsteries. All being thus at last collected at Werowocomoco, the next day was appointed for the ceremony. We may well believe it was a solemn function, and one in which Master Recorder Archer, had he still been in America, would have been in his element. The bed and furniture, basin and ewer, were all displayed for the perplexed gaze of Powhatan and his subjects; but when it came to the preliminary robing of this woodland emperor, he strenuously refused the scarlet cloak and other apparel provided by the London Company. Perhaps it was the ceremonious manner of putting it on that annoyed him, for the cloak itself could hardly have been offensive. Had he been left to himself, to put his legs through the sleeves, for instance, as he doubtless would have done, it is more than probable that the gift would have delighted him; but he was not used to being dressed by strange hands. This part of the ceremony, however, was not so irksome as the actual crowning, for there was a "foul trouble" to make him kneel, seeing that he had not the remotest notion of what a crown meant, but had probably a dim suspicion that the attitude of bent knees and bared head did not become the chief of all the Powhatans. In fact, as he absolutely refused to go down on his knees, the representatives of his brother the English King, by pressing their hands and leaning all their weight on his shoulders, forced him for a moment into a stooping attitude, and then hurriedly clapped the crown on his head. Then by a warning shot from a pistol a volley of musketry was fired by the fifty soldiers at a short distance off, which was altogether more than Powhatan could endure. He leaped up in terror,

and could with difficulty be reduced again to his normal stolidity. Presently, however, his majesty remembered his position, resumed his former dignity, thanked the visitors for their well-meant attentions, and presented Captain Newport, as the King's representative, with his old shoes. Thus ended the coronation of Powhatan; it only remained now to carry out the other two of the Company's instructions,—to find the great sea and the lump of gold.

Captain Newport next undertook to lead a party up the river to test the country and the temper of the Monacans. Traversing the course already familiar to him as far as the Falls with one hundred and twenty men, he marched up the shore for forty miles, as far, probably, as Elk Island in Goochland county. The Monacans, we read, "used us neither well nor ill," whereupon, taking one of the petty chiefs along with him as a guide and a hostage, he marched back again. On the return journey, having a gold-refiner among the party, he spent some time digging and washing for gold. Some small quantity of silver seems to have rewarded their trouble, and Newport believed that gold also might have been found. He may have been right, for he may possibly have stumbled on some sign of free gold in the rock of Buckingham county, or even some alluvial gold in the streams. As the savages would not trade, and had craftily hidden all their corn, the largest force of English that had yet left the settlement returned "half sick, all complaining, and tired with toil, famine, and discontent," — as Captain Smith had foretold them, add the chroniclers of the expedition.

The cheery President in the meantime had been trying to teach his raw hands how to use an axe. Thirty of them he conducted down the river to camp in the woods, cut down trees, and make clap-board. Among them went Gabriel Beadle and John Russell, "the only two gallants of this last Supply [though the same writers class twenty-five of them as gentlemen], and both proper gentlemen."

> Strange were these pleasures to their conditions; yet lodging, eating, and drinking, working or playing, they but doing as the President did himself. All these things were carried so pleasantly as within a week they became masters; making it their delight to hear the trees thunder as they fell; but the axes so oft blistered their tender fingers, that many times every third blow had a loud oath to drown the echo; for remedy of which sin the President devised how to have every man's oaths numbered, and at night for every oath to have a can of water poured down his sleeve, with which every offender was so washed (himself and all) that a man should scarce hear an oath in a week.

This is a significant little glimpse of Smith in his lighter moments, and by no means lessens our regard for him. We are not to suppose, the writers take care to tell us, that Smith and these gallants worked as "common wood-haggers." It was for them only a pleasure and a recreation. Thirty or forty of these gentlemen volunteers would do as much in a day as a hundred who were under compulsion. "Yet twenty good workmen," it is candidly owned, "had been better than them all."

When Smith returned to the fort it vexed him to see the ship lying there idle, helping to eat up the supplies, which were in perpetual danger of exhaustion.

Accordingly, he embarked in his old craft, the barge, and with another and eighteen men went up the Chickahominy for corn. But he found the Indians there very unfriendly, refusing to trade and showing much insolence. It appeared that Powhatan's policy was to starve the intruders out, and it was evident that the coronation had not had the conciliatory effect expected. Smith thereupon changed his tactics, pretending he wanted no corn, but had come to revenge the death of his two men in the preceding winter. On seeing the Englishmen's preparations for battle the Indians at first fled, but were ultimately conciliated to such good purpose that of their own will they loaded the President's barges with a hundred bushels of corn, though it was a scarce year. This seasonable supply greatly pleased the colonists; but Smith's enemies, such as the irrepressible Ratcliffe and the now somewhat demoralised Newport, were the more enraged at his success, and laid futile schemes to depose him from the Presidency.

These supply-ships were a perfect pest to Smith and the welfare of the Colony. They brought little but human cargoes, of very doubtful worth and with considerable appetites. The sailors on board devoted themselves wholly to illicit trading, purloining such stores as there were and selling them to the settlers for anything they had to give. There was also a tavern on board, which proved ruinous, as one can well understand, to those who had money or trade, and there was "ten times more care to maintain their damnable and private trade than to provide for the Colony things that were necessary." The trade of the Company was, in

fact, entirely subordinated to that of private individuals, who stole the hatchets and beads from the common stock, exchanged them surreptitiously with the Indians for furs and skins, and left to Smith and his few honest followers the onerous task of providing the settlement with food and erecting its buildings. Newport seems to have winked at, if he did not participate in, these wasteful and dishonest practices; indeed, it is hinted that he took home and privately sold furs to the amount of £30, though not a skin was credited to the Colony. Smith at length gave the erratic skipper to understand that if he did not mend his ways the ship would be sent home without him, and he would be kept with them for a year to give him a taste of practical colonising; and this seems to have had the desired effect. Smith, however, actually did dismiss the ship, but with her captain on board, and a cargo of pitch, tar, and soap-ashes, to the great relief of every honest man. It must have been with ill-concealed anger that he had to partly victual these greedy mariners, loaded with the spoils of the foolish settlers and of illicit Indian trade, from his own too scanty store.

With the *Susan Constant* went also a long reply from the President to the criticisms and instructions sent out to him by the Council in the preceding summer. This well-known missive has been already alluded to as *The Rude Answer*. It is worthy of considerable notice, as its author is the hero of this little work, and in this explanation of his actions he comes very much to life as we listen to him. It is addressed to the Treasurer and Council of Virginia (in London), from Captain Smith, President in Virginia.

RIGHT HONOURABLE, ETC.

I received your letter, wherein you write that our minds are so set upon faction and idle conceits in dividing the country without your consents, and that we feed you but with ifs and ands, hopes and some few proofs, as if we would keep the mystery of the business to ourselves; and that we must expressly follow your instructions sent by Captain Newport, the charge of whose voyage amounts to near £2000, the which if we cannot defray by the ship's return, we are like to remain as banished men. To these particulars I humbly intreat your pardons if I offend you with my rude answer.

For our factions, unless you would have me run away and leave the country, I cannot prevent them; because I do make many stay who would else fly any whither. For the idle letter [? sent by Captain Newport's ship in April 1608] to my Lord of Salisbury, by the President [Ratcliffe] and his confederates, for dividing the country, etc. What it was I know not, for you saw no hand of mine to it; nor ever dreamed I of any such matter. That we fed you with hopes, etc. Though I be no scholar, I am past a schoolboy; and I desire but to know what either you and these here do know but that I have learned to tell you by the continual hazard of my life. I have not concealed from you anything I know; but I fear some cause you to believe much more than is true.

Expressly to follow your directions by Captain Newport, though they be performed, I was directly against it; but according to our Commission I was content to be overruled by the major part of the Council, I fear to the hazard of us all; which now is generally confessed when it is too late. Only Captain Winne and Captain Waldo I have sworn of the Council, and crowned Powhatan according to your instructions.

For the charge of this voyage of the value of £2000 or £3000, we have not received the value of £100. And for the quartered boat, to be borne by the soldiers over the Falls, Newport had one hundred and twenty of the best men he could choose. If he had burnt her to ashes, one

might have carried her in a bag ; but as she is, five hundred cannot to a navigable place above the Falls. And for him at that time to find in the South Sea a mine of gold, or any of them sent by Sir Walter Raleigh, at our consultation I told them was as likely as the rest. But during this great discovery of thirty miles (which might as well have been done by one man, and much more, for the value of a pound of copper at a seasonable time) they had the pinnace, and all the boats with them, but one that remained with me to serve the fort.

In their absence I followed the new begun work of pitch and tar, glass, soap-ashes, and clap-board ; whereof some small quantities we have sent you. But if you rightly consider what an infinite toil it is in Russia and Sweden, where the woods are proper for naught else, and though there be the help both of man and beast in those ancient Commonwealths, which many an hundred years have used it, yet thousands of these poor people can scarce get necessaries to live but from hand to mouth. And though your factors there can buy as much in a week as will freight you a ship, or as much as you please, you must not expect from us any such matter, which are but a many of ignorant, miserable souls, that are scarce able to get wherewith to live and defend ourselves against the inconstant savages, finding but here and there a tree fit for the purpose, and want all things else the Russians have.

For the coronation of Powhatan, by whose advice you sent him such presents I know not ; but this give me leave to tell you, I fear they will be the confusion of us all ere we hear from you again. At your ship's arrival the savages' harvest was newly gathered, and we going to buy it, our own not being half sufficient for so great a number. As for the two ships' loading of corn Newport promised to provide us from Powhatan, he brought us but fourteen bushels, and from the Monacans nothing, but the most of the men sick and near famished. From your ship we had not provision in victuals worth £20, and we are more than two hundred to live upon this, the one half sick, the other little better. For the sailors (I confess), they daily make good cheer, but our diet is a little meal and water, and not sufficient of that. Though

there be fish in the sea, fowls in the air, and beasts in the woods, their bounds are so large, they so wild, and we so weak and ignorant, we cannot much trouble them. Captain Newport we much suspect to be the author of those inventions.

Now that you should know, I have made you as great a discovery as he, for less charge than he spendeth you every meal; I have sent you this map of the bay and rivers, with an annexed relation of the countries and nations that inhabit them, as you may see at large. Also two barrels of stones, and such as I take to be good iron ore at least; so divided, as by their notes you may see in what places I found them.

The soldiers say many of your officers maintain their families out of that you send us; and that Newport hath £100 a year for carrying news. For every master you have yet sent can find the way as well as he, so that £100 might be spared, which is more than we have all, that help to pay him wages.

Captain Ratcliffe is now called Sicklemore, a poor counterfeited impostor. I have sent you him home, lest the company should cut his throat. What he is, now every one can tell you: if he and Archer return again, they are sufficient to keep us always in factions.

When you send again I entreat you rather send but thirty carpenters, husbandmen, gardeners, fishermen, blacksmiths, masons, and diggers up of trees, roots, well provided, than a thousand of such as we have; for except we be able to lodge them and feed them, the most will consume with want of necessaries before they can be made good for anything.

Thus, if you please to consider this account, and of the unnecessary wages to Captain Newport, on his ship's so long lingering and staying here (for notwithstanding his boasting to leave us victuals for twelve months, though we had eighty-nine by this discovery lame and sick, and but a pint of corn a day for a man, we were constrained to give him three hogsheads of that to victual him homeward), or yet to send into Germany or Poland for glass-men and the rest, till we are able to sustain ourselves, and relieve them when they come. It were better to give £500 a ton for these gross

commodities in Denmark, than send for them hither till more necessary things be provided. For in over-toiling our weak and unskilful bodies to satisfy this desire of present profit, we can scarce ever recover ourselves from one Supply to another.

And I humbly entreat you hereafter, let us know what we should receive, and not stand to the sailors' courtesy to leave us what they please; else you may charge us with what you will, but we not you with anything.

These are the causes that have kept us in Virginia from laying such a foundation that ere this might have given much better content and satisfaction; but as yet you must not look for any profitable returns: so I humbly rest.

CHAPTER IX

ADVENTURES IN SEARCH OF PROVISIONS

The departure of the ship with Newport and his sailors somewhat cleared the political air at Jamestown, while the dispatch of *The Rude Answer* by the same means no doubt relieved in some measure the pent-up indignation of the writer. Smith's now untrammelled energies were immediately absorbed in the ever-pressing question of provisions. To account for what may seem to the reader an unreasonable consumption of maize, it might be well to remember that a considerable proportion of the supplies that were constantly pouring into Jamestown went to waste. There was a plague of rats, for one thing, brought in by the ships, and even in modern Virginia no corn-crib is considered as properly constituted unless it is made proof against these destructive rodents. Again, Indian corn has to be first stored where the air can freely pass through it, and readily heats and spoils if not treated according to recognised customs for the first few weeks after gathering, even when fully hardened in November. One can well imagine how with the settlers' imperfect knowledge of the plant and the climate, coupled with the varied sources from which they drew their supplies, that much

of the grain was certain to rot. Indeed, the early date at which one finds them pulling and stricking their own corn is decidedly perplexing to any one who has conducted the same operations in the same river-valley in modern times. Necessity rather than ignorance was perhaps the cause. But in the storage question, which chiefly matters, as the Jamestown corn-crop must have been trifling, it was not only rats and over-heating that did the mischief; the carpenters do not seem even to have been able to keep out the rain. In this winter of 1608-9 the President had accordingly to devote his energies to keeping his people alive, for without him they would most certainly have all starved. He was well supported by Scrivener, who seems to have been the right man for the country, and also by Percy.

The first source of supply Smith turned to was the Nansemond Indians, who owed him four hundred bushels as an indemnity for outrages against the settlers. The Nansemond people proved intractable, declaring that they were on short commons themselves, and that their suzerain Powhatan had commanded them to retain all they had. As this was a debt and not a matter of negotiation, Smith sent a volley in their direction and made a bonfire of one of their outlying houses; this had the desired effect and the corn was forthcoming.

Now at Jamestown about this time, and in the presence of Smith, a somewhat interesting ceremony took place, namely, the first English wedding on American soil. It was not one to cause much commotion in the upper circles of the Colony, for the bridegroom, John Layden, was one of the few surviving labourers of the original shipment, and the bride, who was only fourteen,

was Mistress Forrest's maid, Anne Burras, already mentioned. It may be worth noting that their first child was christened Virginia, like the ill-fated offspring of the Dares in Lane's Roanoke colony, but in this case the whole family lived through the troublous times and became prosperous. If they have descendants there is no eagerness in Virginia to claim them for ancestors, as in the case of the high-born Pocahontas, with her scant attire, her frisky habits, and warm affections. Probably Anne Burras and John Layden are too conspicuously tabulated in the matter of social degree to stir the fancy or the vanity of after generations.

Smith now navigated the Appomatox river for the first time, where he found corn scarce, but traders willing. A voyage made about the same time by Scrivener and Percy, upon their own account, was equally fruitless, and things began to look serious. Smith, who knew too well the utter barrenness of spring and early summer, so far as food went, in the Virginia woods, felt that if gentle measures were of no avail they had only the choice between strong ones and starvation. But Scrivener and Wynne, who had no personal experience of such a situation, objected when the President proposed to coerce Powhatan, whom he knew had accumulated considerable stores from his vassal tribes. It would seem also as if Scrivener, hitherto so faithful, had been tampered with by Newport's friends in some way; but as he was soon afterwards drowned, this is a point on which it would be superfluous to speculate. Smith, however, without going against the Council, still looked to Powhatan as the only hope in this particular, and seems to have had an opportune invitation from his

old friend and much-crowned emperor to pay him a visit on business. The old man declared he wanted a house of the Jamestown type put up for him, in all probability to contain the coronation suite of bedroom furniture, though whether as a kind of museum or a habitation we do not hear. He also wanted a grindstone, fifty swords, some muskets, a cock and a hen, and a good supply of beads, and for this he would load a barge with corn. To guard against any possible plot Smith determined to visit the emperor in force. Having prepared the pinnace and the discovery barge, he accordingly called for volunteers,—an unusual course hitherto, but dictated now by sound policy. The required five and twenty coming forward, he left by water for Werowocomoco in company with Percy and West, the two aristocrats of the settlement, having in the meantime sent a party of workmen, including four of the Dutchmen, by land to begin building Powhatan's house. On its way up the expedition visited the Warraskoyack tribe, whose chief warned Smith most urgently against Powhatan, declaring that the sole object of that crafty old politician was to entrap them and cut their throats. Smith thanked his host kindly for the warning; and one is inclined to think some rumours of the lost Roanoke colonists may have come to hand about this time, as he hired a couple of Indian guides and sent Master Sicklemore south in their company on this old wild-goose chase.

The next day, being the last of the year 1608, they were at Kecoughtan, and for a week were land-bound by wind, rain, and snow; but they were never more merry nor had a greater plenty of oysters, fish, wild-fowl, and

good bread, nor ever had better fires in England than in the "dry smoky houses of Kecoughtan." Proceeding onward to Kiskiac, lodging by the way with such Indians as were on good terms with them, Smith, with two more guns, had a fine day's sport among the ducks, killing one hundred and forty-eight in three shots.

Arriving at Werowocomoco on January 12th, the York river, as it is now called, or the estuary of the Pamunkey, was frozen half a mile from the shore, but breaking the ice Smith pushed forward in the barge, till running upon shoals he was compelled to jump into the water waist-deep and wade to land. This had a bad effect on Dr. Russell, whom nothing could persuade to stay behind, but "who was very heavy and somewhat ill." However, with some difficulty they brought his numbed limbs to life again, and then, quartering themselves in the nearest houses, they applied to Powhatan for provisions. The old chief sent in a supply, but pretending that they had not come on his invitation, asked how long they proposed to stay, for he had no corn; nevertheless, if forty swords were forthcoming, he might perhaps be able to find forty baskets. After this he treated his visitors to a few peals of merry laughter, by way of emphasising the jest that he had forgotten all about his promises to pay for the building of his new house in this commodity. But Smith was in no jesting mood, and addressing the Indian chief in a firm but friendly fashion, reminded him that he had been told a hundred times that the swords and guns of the English were not for sale; he would like, he added, to be Powhatan's friend, but if it fell otherwise it would be the latter's fault. The chief

replied that he began to think the English had come into the country, not to trade, but to drive out his people, and that if Smith wanted to show his friendship he should leave his weapons in the boats and come to see him without them. Smith well knowing what this meant, the meeting was adjourned till the next day.

Meanwhile the four Dutchmen turned traitors. Preferring the fleshpots of Werowocomoco to the scarcity at Jamestown, and being moreover alarmed by the intentions of the savages towards the settlement, they had sold themselves to Powhatan and revealed everything they knew about the English plans. The old chief now proceeded to harangue his English guests again, the text of his discourse being peace and war. The substance of a long oration, which Smith has in part preserved, was that he (Powhatan) of all living men was most likely to appreciate the contrast between the two conditions,—the blessings of peace, that is to say, and the miseries of war—seeing that he had witnessed the passing away of three entire generations and that he alone of all his contemporaries was left alive. Was it likely, he asked, that he would provoke a youth like Smith to hunt him through the woods, and perhaps kill him in the end, when he might sit there with him jesting and feasting and enjoying his society? The English Captain must think him a simpleton indeed if he hesitated between such paths as these, and he therefore begged him to leave his guns and swords behind him when he came to visit him, as it would conduce to a much more sociable state of things. Smith having given Powhatan convincing reasons why the English always wore their arms, the old savage, in his

turn, went on to complain that he could get anything he liked out of Newport, swords, copper, cloths, and he even quoted the bedroom furniture, without giving anything in return; but Smith, his own Werowance whom he had treated so kindly, was always driving hard bargains with him. While he was thus unconsciously paying a high tribute to Smith as an economist, the latter, suspecting that matters were getting serious, bade adieu with a farewell speech to Powhatan, and ordered the ice to be broken for loading the ten quarters of corn which he had managed to extract from him. All his eighteen men were now ashore; but the Indians, being in considerable numbers and Powhatan for the moment discreetly absent, they began a half-hearted attack, which the gallant Captain quashed instantly, running amuck among them with sword, target, and musket, tumbling them over right and left, but without serious damage. After some lying and apologising on the part of the savages, they finally carried the Englishman's ten quarters of corn through the shallow water to the barge. Powhatan added an offering of wampum, and as they could not manage to get away that night, there was no help for it but to spend it with the Indians. Their hosts fed them well, but later in the evening stealthily returned to Powhatan, who was in the near neighbourhood making ready for an attack in force so soon as they should have gone to rest; for he was now "bursting for the head of Captain Smith."

Whether he would have secured that trophy or not we may not know, for in the dark hours Pocahontas once more conferred upon Smith and Virginia a priceless favour. Stealing by herself through the lonesome woods,

she told the Captain that her father was about to send him great cheer, and that if the men who brought it could not kill the English while they were enjoying it with their own weapons, Powhatan himself would follow with a great force and make sure work of them. When, therefore, in an hour's time eight trusty fellows, each carrying a great platter of venison, importuned the English party to put down their weapons because the smoke of the matches made them sick, Smith made them taste every dish and afterwards sent most of them back to Powhatan to say that the English were ready for him. All through the January night Smith and his friends watched by their arms, bands of Indians dropping in from time to time to see how things fared. A friendly appearance was maintained all this time by both parties, and when day broke and the tide was high, Smith and his men sailed away with their ten quarters of corn. By such laborious and risky expedients, by diplomacy when possible, but always with prompt insistence and a burning matchlock behind, was the first English colony in America kept from starvation, through the resolution, for the most part, of a single man.

The moment Smith had left, the Dutch traitors made the best of their way back to Jamestown, and representing to Wynne, the acting Governor, that Smith had borrowed their arms, asked for and received fresh ones. While in the fort they contrived, by representing the plenty and friendship going forward at Werowocomoco in comparison to the lean life at Jamestown, to win over seven or eight of the baser sort. By these means numbers of swords, pikes, guns, besides powder and

shot, were stealthily abstracted and sent by Indians through the woods to Powhatan. The Dutchmen soon followed, leaving their confederates behind for the present, to join them at Werowocomoco later on. No less than three hundred hatchets, fifty swords, and eight guns were thus conveyed to the Indians. It would be almost absurd to lavish indignation on these white slaves, for they were little more, who had been shipped out to lead a miserable existence in Virginia, with none of the hopes or rewards of a colonist's life and something much worse than its ordinary deprivations.

But a more critical moment and a more dramatic scene were in store for Smith and his eighteen men at the very next place they landed at, which was the village of his old acquaintance Opecancanough, on the Pamunkey river. This potentate seeming open to trade, the usual preliminary of two or three days' feasting was indulged in. This finished, Smith and fifteen others went up on the morning appointed for trading to the chief's house, which stood about a quarter of a mile from the river, but found nobody there. In course of time Opecancanough arrived with a strong body of warriors and very little corn, while such as he had he held at a price that aroused Smith's anger. After a firm but temperate speech, however, in which he intimated that corn he must and would have in any case, but preferred to give fair value for it, he managed to effect some satisfactory business. On the next day, the pinnace and barge being entrusted to that faithful and worthy mariner and gentleman Master Fettyplace (who with pen, sword, and oar served Virginia well), Smith and the

rest returned to the king's house. The chief himself soon appeared, and with well-assumed cordiality engaged the English in a rambling discussion, which had not proceeded far before Dr. Russell burst in with the news that they were betrayed and that seven hundred armed savages were in ambush round the house. The king at this showed guilt and fear on his face, and some of his visitors dismay, as well they may have at such tidings. Smith, however, rose to the occasion, and with incredible composure harangued his followers. If the danger from these open enemies, he said, were as great as those from their seeming friends (alluding to some of the Jamestown Council), there would then be something to fear instead of nothing, as now. He had been abused as a peace-breaker and a tyrant over the Indians, but he could wish that some of those who made these savages seem saints were with him at this moment. "I pray you," he continued, "aid me with your opinions. Should we begin with them and surprise this King, we cannot keep him and defend well ourselves. If we should each kill our man and so proceed with all in this house, the rest will all fly; then we shall get no more than the bodies that are slain, and so starve for victual. As for their fury, it is the least danger. For well you know, being assaulted with two or three hundred of them, I made them compound to save my life; and we are now sixteen and they but seven hundred at the most, and assure yourselves God will so assist us that if you dare but to stand to discharge your pieces the very smoke will be sufficient to affright them. Yet howsoever, if there be occasion, let us fight like men, and not die like sheep; but first I will deal with them to bring it to pass we

may fight for something, and draw them to it by conditions. If you like this motion promise me you will be valiant." Time not permitting of an argument, the English replied that they would do or die.

Smith then walked up to Opecancanough and told him he saw through his murderous plot, but feared it not a whit. No harm had yet been done by their respective followers; let him bring, then, as many baskets of corn as he had armed men, while he on his part would stake their value in copper. Then they two, Smith as naked as his opponent, would fight it out on an island in the river, and the victor take both the corn and the copper. The memory of the three Turks' heads and the coat of arms he bore was no doubt stirring in the old warrior. The chief, however, being immediately guarded by fifty or sixty men, did not by any means fall in with a suggestion so foreign to Indian notions, but he tried to appease Smith's suspicions and to draw him outside, where, he declared, was a great present awaiting him,—in the shape, be it said, of at least two hundred armed men around the door, while about thirty more were lying under a fallen tree all with their arrows on the string ready to shoot. Smith now ordered one of the common soldiers to go outside and inspect this wonderful present, knowing that the savages would not harm him; but the man refused, though the gentlemen were all clamouring for the honour. This the Captain would not permit, but he ordered Percy and West with the others to secure the house, while he himself, as quick as thought, and to the astonishment of friends and foes alike, seized the treacherous chief by his long side-lock and held a loaded pistol to his head. It was a

critical moment, but the prompt audacity of the action fairly paralysed the crowd of armed savages. It was something altogether outside their conception, and this English dare-devil loomed on them as a man beyond the reach of bows, arrows, and tomahawks. Smith then drew the trembling king outside by the hair of his head into the midst of his people and demanded his arms. The savages were cowed, and delivered their chief's weapons at once to this irresistible medicine-man, and after that laid down their own with slight hesitation. Then Smith, still holding the king by the hair with one hand and a cocked pistol in the other, proceeded to harangue the painted and befeathered crowd, his own people in the meanwhile being grouped behind him. This was the tribe, it will be remembered, who first took him prisoner in the preceding year. He told them that he had wished to be their friend and to trade fairly with them for the necessities of his people; now they had shown their base intent, and if they so much as shot one arrow, or shed the blood of one of his men, or stole a single piece of the copper that lay in heaps at their feet, he would have such a revenge that not a man should be left alive so long as he could find one that confessed to being a Pamunkey. He was not now, as in the swamp of Rassaweak, alone and half drowned in mud, when they took him prisoner. For their good treatment of him then he would even now misdoubt his own eyes or believe their denials of the treachery, were it possible. "But," he continued, "if I be the mark you aim at, shoot he that dare. You promised to freight my ship ere I departed, and so you shall; or I mean to load her with your dead carcasses. Yet if as friends you will

come and trade, I once more promise not to trouble you except you give me the first occasion, and your king shall be free and be my friend, for I am not come to hurt him or any of you."

This finished the business; arms were cast away, the market opened, and trade went forward so briskly for three or four hours that the Captain, being quite exhausted, retired to snatch some sleep, having first placed a guard. The danger, however, was not yet over, for the Indians, seeing that the dread white Werowance was asleep, invaded the house to the number of forty with clubs and English swords in their hands. The guard were apparently careless, and Smith was awoke by the sound of them pouring into the house. Though half dazed with the sudden sight, he seized his sword and target, and, with one or two others charging the intruders, drove them headlong from the house. The king and some of his officers, who had been detained, apologised for this incursion, which was only another attempt on Smith's life, and the rest of the proceedings passing off peacefully, a good deal of corn was secured. In the other villages they found supplies so short that they could not bring themselves to insist on trade, the entreaties of the women having almost "moved them to tears." Everywhere, however, they found Powhatan's machinations for their destruction at work, and determining to read him a lesson they halted at Werowocomoco on the way home; but they found that the Dutch traitors from the fort had been ahead of them, and that Powhatan had transported himself and all his provisions into the interior.

When Smith and his party returned to Jamestown

about February 8th they found that nothing had been accomplished in their absence. All the provisions, except the corn collected by the President, had been either eaten by the rats or turned so rotten that even the hogs would scarcely touch it. But as the people had little else to subsist on, they had traded away most of the tools and arms in the fort to the savages for the bare necessaries of life, and a more discouraging form of leakage could not possibly be imagined. Still, when Smith's corn had been stored and measured, they calculated that there was enough to carry them through till the next harvest; and the fear of starvation being now for the time removed, this somewhat volatile company recovered their spirits and settled down to a more methodical existence.

They were now divided into groups of ten or fifteen, according to the work each followed. Their hours of labour seem amazingly short, judged by modern, and particularly by American, rural standards. The labourers were required to work only six hours a day, and it is not certain that the almost equally numerous "gallants" were compelled to any routine at all. The rest of the day was spent by the whole company "in pastime and merry exercise." Indifferent feeding, lack of zeal, and the impossibility of getting good work out of such material may have influenced Smith in this particular disposition. But pastime and exercise were very important items of life among the middling and common English of that day, perhaps in a sense even more so than now when they are so much talked about. There was an aroma of Church and King about the sports of the ordinary folk in those days, which, if they

were less elaborate and serious, were perhaps more hearty and more general. At any rate, they seem to have played bowls at Jamestown through good times and bad, and indulged in various other pastimes, when they should sometimes have been more profitably employed. In woodland sport, which would have proved useful, they were for many reasons wholly unskilled, and had little opportunity for familiarising themselves with it.

In the meantime the Dutch traitors remained with Powhatan, instructing the Indians in the use of those arms of which they had been the chief means of so greatly denuding the fort. Continual attempts, too, were made by acquaintances among the chiefs to compass the death of Smith. On one occasion forty men of the tribe of Paspahegh lay in ambush for him; but he got wind of it, and walking through the woods alone, encountered his old friend the king on the very day when the latter had set an ambush for him. The king was very polite, but on finding that his "persuasions were not able to persuade Smith to his ambuscade," and seeing that the latter was only armed with a sword, tried to shoot him then and there. The President, however, was too quick, and seized the Indian's gun as he raised it. Then ensued a hand-to-hand struggle for life. At first the savage proved the stronger: he could neither free his gun from Smith's grip, nor yet could the latter draw his sword; but the Indian at length succeeded in dragging the President into the river, and there tried to drown him. Here in the water they struggled for a long time, till the strength of the king of Paspahegh, who was the older man, failed him, when the Englishman got such a grip of his throat

that he was near strangled. Seeing his opponent's sword drawn to cut his head off, the savage begged so piteously for his life that Smith spared him, took him off to Jamestown, and put him in irons.

The Dutchmen with Powhatan proved a serious nuisance. They maintained a continuous correspondence with the discontented at the fort, and found means through the Indians to promote a constant leakage of arms and ammunition into the woods. Smith, having sent urgent messages to Powhatan to deliver these traitors up to him, but without avail, hoped now to exchange the Paspahegh chief for them; but in the meantime the latter, being carelessly watched, managed to escape. His tribe again giving trouble, Smith sent Wynne and Percy to chastise them; but the expedition being not very effective, the President set out himself, attacked their village, burnt their wigwams, and brought their canoes and fishing-gear to Jamestown. The Paspaheghs thereupon made peace, and kept it so long as Smith was in Virginia.

Two events which happened about this time added still further to the Captain's prestige among the savages. A Chickahominy Indian was brought in as a hostage for his relatives, who had been thieving from the fort. The weather being cold, Smith had ordered the hut he was confined in to be warmed, which was done by a pan of charcoal. When in due course the man was to be released, he was found suffocated and apparently dead as well as badly burned. The accident was, of course, due to there being no outlet in the hut by which the fumes of the charcoal could escape. The Indian's brother, who had come to take him home, bewailed him loudly; but

Smith took the seemingly dead man in hand, and by means of brandy and vinegar brought him round again. Naturally enough it was noised abroad through the surrounding villages that this terrible medicine-man could even bring the dead to life. The other event was more fatal to the actors, but also more fortunate for the English. Some Indians in possession of stolen powder had seen the white men dry it when wet before the fire, and proceeded to follow their example, but with less caution, blowing themselves up and badly scorching many more. After this there was no further eagerness on the part of the savages to steal powder.

This and many other "pretty accidents" so amazed and affrighted Powhatan and his people that nearly all the Indian tribes relapsed into peace, sending presents, and even returning many of the things that they had stolen.

From February to April in the spring of 1609 things went quietly on. Smith continued to prosecute the unprofitable manufacture of tar, pitch, and soap-ashes, and made some specimens of glass; he also sunk a well in the fort (a vital matter in case of a siege), built some twenty houses, put a new roof on the church, and provided nets and weirs for fishing. A blockhouse was also erected on the isthmus connecting the Jamestown peninsula with the mainland, beyond which no savages were allowed to pass, all trade being done there. Thirty or forty acres were brought into cultivation, sixty pigs were added to their live stock by three sows, together with five hundred chickens who had reared themselves in the woods without help. The hogs were turned out to multiply on an island, and another blockhouse built there for watching the river.

And now, as life was proceeding in tolerable fashion with these poor people, a veritable plague of rats, originating, as before, in their own ships, fell upon them and destroyed all their corn, though much of it again, we are told, had already rotted. The Indian stores of corn had been drawn upon to the utmost, and starvation once more stared them in the face. Fortunately, thanks to Smith's firmness and activity, the Indians being now peaceful, the President was able to take the only step possible, and to quarter the people abroad in various localities. Eighty of them he sent down the river under Ensign Laxon to live upon oysters, and twenty more with Percy went to Point Comfort to catch fish; but these last, their leader being incapacitated by a burn, did not cast the nets once in six weeks. Another batch were sent up to the Falls under West, but there was nothing to be found there but acorns.

Such was the strange condition of a hundred and fifty of these two hundred settlers. We read in the narrative of the more energetic that, had they not been forced under discipline to go out and hunt for victuals, they would have died of starvation, or eaten one another. Tremendous outcries now assailed Smith. The latter saw that life at least could be kept in the Colony by a diligent gathering and use of roots, nuts, wild salads, and fish; but the slothful section cried aloud to barter away tools, arms, guns, anything, for a bushel of corn. A constant watch had to be kept lest some of the disaffected should steal away in the pinnace. "Want constrained him to endure their exclaiming follies," till he discovered a leader, one Dyer, an ancient maligner, whom he roundly punished, and then harangued the

rest, addressing them as "Fellow-soldiers." He rated them for believing absurd stories to the effect that he meant to starve them, or that Powhatan could furnish any more corn when he had not enough for himself. He had not thought there was so much malice as he saw before him, but he would do his best even for his "most maligner." In future, however, he would make them work, and if he heard of any more schemers for the pinnace and Newfoundland, he would hang them. No one could deny that he had often risked his life for theirs, or that if their example had been followed the Colony would long since have starved to death; but by the God that made him, Smith protested, since necessity could not force the drones to work, he would do so, and that they should not only gather the fruits of the earth for themselves, but for the sick as well. He cast back with indignation the false suggestions that he had ever had more from the store himself than the meanest of them, while he had long ago given his own private stock from England to the sick. They at least, Smith swore, should not starve, "and he that gathereth not every day as much as I do, the next day shall be set beyond the river and be banished from the fort as a drone, till he amend his condition or starve."

This order was naturally considered by many to be unduly harsh. The result of a year or two of labour without hope or pay might well have disarranged even such economic notions as the majority of the colonists had brought with them. Smith's measures towards the Indians may seem at times hard, but they were applied beyond a doubt with judgment demanded by causes that we cannot fairly realise. Their effect at any rate

was such that all through this precarious time the savages were more friendly than they had ever yet been. The English could go and come at will; the forests were as free to them as to the natives,—a vital matter at a moment when they had to gather their subsistence from the woods. Many even domiciled themselves with the savages, sharing the results of their greater skill in providing food for what must have been but a lean year. The handful of Dutch still gave trouble, keeping out of reach of Smith, but scheming among the Indians for the destruction of Jamestown. It was not of much use, however, for the feudatory tribes had now more fear, we are told, of Smith than of Powhatan.

And now, on July 10th, having passed through a most critical period with only seven deaths, the colonists were surprised and gratified by the arrival of Captain Argall (whose name afterwards became notorious in Virginia) in a ship well furnished with wine and other provision. It had come from Newfoundland and had been sent to trade with the colonists. There was not much trading to be done, but none the less the Virginians, if one may now so call them, detained the ship in as amicable and reassuring a fashion as was compatible with force. From Argall they heard for the first time of the Third Supply that was coming, the change in the constitution and charter of the Company, and the well-stocked fleet that was even now upon the ocean for their relief.

CHAPTER X

THE LAST YEAR IN VIRGINIA

More than two years had now passed since the founding of the Jamestown Colony,—years, to those who had laboured, suffered, or died there, full enough, in all truth, of incident; but to the adventurers, or shareholders, not a single one of those results had accrued for which in the main they had banded themselves together. Nevertheless, and happily so for posterity, the old hopes and delusions still survived the plain truths that Smith and others had sent home with each returning ship, and the disappointment of their freights. It was evident, however, to those in England that a further large expenditure of capital was necessary if the Colony was to prosper, and that new methods would be advisable. Accordingly a new charter was obtained, dated May 23rd, 1609, and the Company was regularly incorporated. A full list of the subscribers, old and new, over six hundred in number, was published, and at the head of the list was Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury. There were twenty peers and nearly a hundred knights on the share list, with many also of the City Companies, and the share unit was £37 : 10s. of current money. By this new charter the London Company of Virginia was finally

disconnected from the New England and Plymouth venture. Its jurisdiction extended for two hundred miles north and south of the James river. The association of such a large number of men of position and influence, and of no less than fifty-six London Companies in the reorganised movement, created a fresh interest in Virginia, and its name, even more than at the earlier venture, was prominently before the British public. The playwrights aired their wit at the expense of its failure so far to fulfil the extravagant promises of its birth, or gave its second effort a good word, in the dialogue of their stage puppets. Preachers took it as the text of their discourses, and warned the adventurers that no blessings would follow an enterprise that failed to labour for the conversion of the heathen. Tracts poured from the press discussing Virginia from every point of view, and, as may be imagined, not seldom from that of the theorist on whom the actual difficulties of a savage country had never dawned. A Supreme Council sitting in London were invested with sole authority over the new dominions. Its first members were to be appointed by the King, and succeeding vacancies to be filled by a general vote of the shareholders. All Colonial officers were to be appointed by the Council, who had also the exclusive right of levying customs and of waging war for defensive purposes. In short, the New Company was made virtually independent of Parliament. The system of government in Virginia was also to be changed. Supreme power was to be vested in a Governor responsible only to the London Council. Indeed, settlers and shareholders alike must have had enough by this time of the Jamestown Council. Smith's

remarkable personality had resulted in a kind of autocracy, and had preserved something like order; but save for the accident of his presence the government would have been no better than a farce, and the Colony itself wiped out of existence long ago, though of this the authorities at home could not yet be properly aware. Sir Thomas Smith, a distinguished London merchant, was the Treasurer of the New Company, and Thomas West, Lord De La Warr, with whose brother we have already made acquaintance, was to go out as first Governor; he was thirty-two years old, had served with distinction in the Netherlands, and was enthusiastic in all matters of colonisation. Sir Thomas Gates was Lieutenant-Governor, and Sir George Somers Admiral. A leading clause in the new scheme made all actual emigrants the owner of one share apiece. They were to be supported by the Company for seven years and the profits of their labours to be applied to developing the Colony; at the end of this period each man was to receive a grant of land in proportion to his stock. Five hundred emigrants, men, women, and children, came forward under these conditions, which to the impecunious, if not to the purely adventurous, must have been fairly attractive. On June 1st, 1609, in a fleet of nine ships, they started for Virginia. Lord De La Warr stayed for a while in London to further promote the affairs of the Company; but Gates and Somers were deputed to take actual charge of the Colony, and sailed in the same ship, the *Sea Venture*, which was commanded by the captain of the fleet, our old acquaintance Newport.

They sailed by way of the Azores, but as they were

drawing near the American coast the *Sea Venture*, the one ship that most affected the welfare of the enterprise, was parted from the rest by the fringe of a hurricane and driven ashore on the Bermudas. Crew and cargo were saved, but the ship was lost. Accordingly Gates and Somers, as well as Newport, had to spend ten months on this uninhabited, but prolific and romantic island, till they had built two fresh ships. In the meantime the remaining eight vessels of the fleet had reached Virginia in safety, and arrived at Jamestown in August, under the impression that their flagship, with their new governors, commission, instructions, and one hundred and fifty men, had foundered.

Unfortunately with this Third Supply there returned to the Colony those worse than useless and pernicious mischief-makers, Ratcliffe and Archer, together with the weak and sickly Martin. One can well imagine with what arrogant complacency the two first played the part of old and experienced colonists among this great body of novices. We know their bitter sentiments towards Smith, and scarcely need to be told how busy they had been in poisoning the minds of their fellow-travellers against the President, so soon to be deposed by virtue of the new charter. The withdrawal of Gates and Somers, and perhaps even of Newport, from the community they had been sent to govern, was a cruel stroke of fate, and it was sorely aggravated by the unfortunate presence of these two firebrands among the safe arrivals.

Argall's news regarding the sailing of a third supply of colonists can hardly have made a deep impression, for when Smith was informed by his scouts of an approaching fleet, he made sure that it was the Spaniards,

and made active preparations to give them a warm reception. Messrs. Pots, Tankard, and George Percy, who are still our chroniclers of this period, tell us that the Indians were eager and ready to assist to the best of their power. Had the new arrivals only been Spaniards, say they, the President and his trusty friends would have been happy and given a good account of them. But these miserable miscalled friends, well as they were received, "did what they could to murder our President, to surprise the store, the fort and our lodgings, to usurp the government, and make us all their servants and slaves till they could consume us and our remembrance."

> To a thousand mischiefs those lewd captains [Ratcliffe and Archer] led this lewd company, wherein were many unruly gallants packed thither by their friends to escape ill destinies, and these would dispose and determine of the government, sometimes to one, the next day to another; to-day the old Commission must rule, to-morrow the new, the next day neither; in fine, they would rule all, or ruin all. Yet in charity we must endure them thus to destroy us; or by correcting their follies, have brought the world's censure upon us to be guilty of their blood. Happy had we been had they never arrived, and we for ever abandoned, and as we were left to our fortunes: for on earth, for the number, was never more confusion or misery than their factions occasioned.

How plainly one can see it all! The experience, so painfully purchased, of managing the Indians, and of the whole order of life in these woods, crushed by the deafening clamour of three or four hundred irresponsible, ill-regulated, ignorant wastrels. The very robustness of the Anglo-Saxon makes him the less amenable to profit modestly by the experience of others, the more self-confidant and opinionative in matters where circumstances compel his ignorance. Where they are below

the average in the better qualities, no more difficult, inadaptable, and unruly community could probably be found upon earth. England now, as then, produces the very best, and perhaps also the very worst, of colonists. A similar body of Frenchmen of that period would have contained a far greater proportion of docile spirits, and as a community they would have been so much less likely to irritate the savages that the danger would have been one rather of merging into them. Spaniards, again, welded by their religious discipline, would have played the part of exterminators or exterminated. One may fairly say that a heterogeneous collection of either nation would, for good or evil, have worked in something more like unison. A picked body of Englishmen would beyond doubt have been the best of all; but a riff-raff of English, such as this Third Supply appears to have been, was probably the most difficult to control that any civilised country in Europe could have produced. To poor Smith, who had just brought the affairs of the Colony into something like order, fell this hopeless task, still further aggravated by the malice of the only men in the whole company who could claim experience. One is not surprised to hear that he would willingly have left all and returned to England; but seeing there was small hope of Somers and Gates arriving, he would no longer suffer these factious spirits to proceed. "It would be too tedious," says the one chronicler and eye-witness not yet quoted, "too strange and almost incredible, should I particularly relate the infinite dangers, plots, and practices he [Smith] daily escaped among this factious crew: the chief whereof he quickly laid by the heels, till his leisure better served to do them justice."

Percy was forced to return to England on account of his health. West, Lord De La Warr's brother, Smith sent up to the Falls with a hundred and twenty of the best men; the sickly and now rather factious Martin he sent down to Nansemond with nearly as many; and with each company provisions proportionate to their number. As a fresh President, under the old order of things, had to be appointed every year, Smith, when his time was up, with much relief we may well believe, appointed Captain Martin. But this poor-spirited, though not wholly unworthy person, knowing his own weakness and the opinion in which he was held, resigned within three hours, and Smith, having no one else of sufficient rank, quality, or experience to appoint, had nothing for it but to resume his former office till the arrival of fresh instructions. Poor Martin, the ex-President of three hours, down at Nansemond with one hundred and twenty men, soon proved the wisdom of his resignation. By measures that were at once provoking and timid he stirred up the Indians, who had at first met him kindly, to a dangerous hostility, and, worse than all, they succeeded in carrying off from him a thousand bushels of corn, equivalent to a whole year's supply for about eighty men, besides killing many of his company. And now, apparently distracted with fear, Martin sent up the river post-haste for thirty good marksmen, whom Smith at once sent him. But his nerve seemed still to fail him, even with these reinforcements, and the latter soon returned to Jamestown, having been able to effect nothing on account of Martin's "childishness and fear."

West, who had been sent up to settle a company at the Falls, either on his own judgment or overborne by

the clamour of his unruly men, had selected a hopelessly unsuitable position for his camp; one not only surrounded by covert for hostile savages, but below the level of the floods which may be looked for at any time even now in the James river valley. In such a fool's paradise Smith found them on his visit of inspection, and was not sparing of his criticism upon their insensate folly. West, at any rate, should have known better; but he, too, had a hundred and twenty men with him, and, like Martin down the river, was no match for them. The President, who had come up with only five trusty soldiers, then cast his eye upon the Indian village of Powhatan, where he and Newport had been entertained in the early days of the settlement, and which was advantageously situated on one of the high hills which here on both banks overhang the river valleys. Messengers were at once sent off to old Powhatan himself, who was then in the neighbourhood, with a request that he would sell this frontier village of his to the English, in return for which Smith undertook to defend the rest of his territory against his old enemies the Monacans above the Falls. There were other conditions of trade and barter, of no consequence here. But the insubordinate and ignorant crew, collected on the river bank, refused to stir, or to listen to reason, defying Smith and any one else who attempted to control them. It was not merely that Ratcliffe and Archer had spent the voyage in poisoning their minds against the President, but the quality of this last supply was such that probably nothing short of martial law, backed by sufficient force, could have kept order and enforced obedience. Through all the troubles, moreover, which Smith had to face, one

must always remember that he lacked the advantage of rank and birth. Democratic by comparison with the preceding ones as the Elizabethan period had been, a reaction had set in with the Stuarts. Rise as obscure men could and did to fortune and position, yet a yeoman's son, as the ruler of men not in actual danger and as a reflected representative of the crown, with virtually supreme authority, was still something of an anomaly; sufficiently so, at any rate, to stimulate the grumblers, provoke the jealous, and give the mutineers another imaginary grievance. Then, again, these men all knew that a fresh commission was on the road and must soon arrive, and that the new government of the Company, already instituted in England, must of necessity in a few months be substituted for the present rule. The rabble at the Falls had got scent of the gold legend from up the river and the country of the Monacans, though, as we have shown, it was not wholly a legend, and now defied all authority. Everything they could do, say the chroniclers who are our authorities for this period, they did do, to show their preconceived spite against Smith and their present hatred towards him as the one man who stood between Virginia and anarchy. Thirsting for his blood as they were, his friends thought it the height of rashness for Smith to go in and out of this ill-planted and worse-disciplined camp, haranguing and combating the mischiefs of the men with no guard but his five soldiers. At length he was forced to retreat for his life and leave the mutinous crowd to stew in the unwholesome juice of Indian hostility, flood-water, and faction which they courted. A few, however, of the better sort of the Third Supply, we are told, rallied round Smith,

when they realised what manner of men Ratcliffe, Archer, and Martin, his great defamers, were; and yet further, when they came to know Smith's old soldiers, the thirty-eight left of the original company, and learn in what esteem they held him, many of these gentlemen became thereafter, for the short period the President was yet to be among them, his "faithful friends."

It hardly needs telling what havoc such an influx as this wrought upon the laboriously built-up but still precarious relationships of the older settlers and the Indians. The mob at the Falls treated the very savages who brought in the tributes of corn that Smith had arranged for with outrage and insult. Some of it, perhaps, was the mere stupid frolic of feckless and irresponsible idlers, but the Indians complained with some reason to Smith that he had brought them for protectors against the Monacans a worse evil than were those doughty warriors themselves, and they piteously implored him to protect them from the manners of these "new friends." For his sake they had endured it hitherto, they declared, but if in future they should take the matter into their own hands he must not blame them, seeing that their gardens were robbed, their corn stolen, and their persons abused. Having spent nine days of late August and September trying to reason with these imbeciles, Smith gave it up in despair, or, as one account says, had to retire in haste to his boat in danger of his life. The moment he had gone, the Indians attacked the camp, slew many, and so affrighted the rest that the savages carried off a store of swords and cloaks.

Before Smith had sailed a league his ship, in which were Pots and Fettyplace, two of his faithful friends

and of our faithful recorders, ran aground. The President, hearing of the Indian attack, returned to Jamestown and found the settlers in a very different state of mind towards himself, and "so strangely amazed with the poor, simple assault as they submitted themselves upon any terms to the President's mercy, who presently put by the heels six or seven of the chief offenders." They were now willing enough to be removed to Powhatan, which had been well fortified by the Indians, —sufficiently so, we are told, to have been a defence against all the savages in Virginia. There were, moreover, plenty of good dry houses, and three hundred acres of land fit for planting corn the next season. In Smith's opinion it was the most delightful place in all Virginia; he called it Nonsuch, and Nonsuch it remains to this day, and for many generations was the home of a well-known Virginian family.

And now the Indians were appeased, the frightened colonists professed themselves grateful, new officers were appointed, and all seemed well. But at this very moment there came sailing up the river their late commander West, whose weak and yielding nature was so worked on by the mutinous leaders whom Smith had thrown into prison, that he released them, and the whole company fell once more into disorder. Their first proceeding was to remove the settlement again to the low-lying site upon which West had first placed them; their next was to resume the fatuous mode of life from the results of which Smith had just rescued them. As for the latter, he seems for the moment to have given them up in despair. No human power could have availed anything in the face of such a conglomeration of sloth,

ignorance, and self-assurance; while as for compulsion, if it could have served any good purpose, he had no force with which to exercise it. His ship had gone down the river again, and for these few days Smith appears to have been living in his boat with his four or five trusty followers. What his next move would have been we may not know, for at this critical moment a sore piece of bad fortune both for himself and for the Colony befell him. A bag of powder exploded in the boat, through the carelessness of one of his companions, and Smith was so terribly burned as to be incapacitated for further action of any kind. The explosion tore the flesh from his body and thighs in the most pitiful manner; his clothes were set on fire, and in his agony he did what any one would probably have done in the circumstances, and leaped overboard. But the water was deep, and Smith, doubtless half-stunned by the shock, was very nearly drowned before they could get him into the boat again. In this miserable plight, without a surgeon or remedies of any kind at hand, and in the greatest agony, the President had to be conveyed the whole ninety miles to Jamestown. Crippled though he was, he and his party were able to warn the people there of the state of things in progress, and of worse ones to be expected up the river. But Jamestown itself was in not much better plight. It had been determined that Ratcliffe, Archer, and their confederates should be brought to trial for the injury they had done the Colony by their lies, their incendiary and factious actions, and their general incapacity. Now, however, these gentlemen took heart and hoped to escape this investigation and its probable result. Seeing the

President unable to stand and nearly bereft of his senses with pain, they plotted, we are told, to have him murdered in his bed; "but the heart did fail him that should have given fire to that merciless pistol." Not having the courage to do the deed themselves, and unable to find any one else villainous enough, the conspirators attempted to usurp the government with a view to escaping the punishment hanging over them. Smith was prostrated with pain, but his old soldiers begged him only to say the word and they would take the heads off these rascals in a moment. This he would not permit, but being in such desperate straits, and even Jamestown at that time being totally unprovided with either a surgeon or surgical remedies, he determined to sail for England. No doubt he felt that it was the only alternative to certain death; in any case, without his full measure of strength and activity he could not have attempted to grapple with such a many-headed monster as that Virginian Colony of nearly five hundred souls then presented. Moreover, his rule was already superseded in England, and at any moment ships might arrive bringing the governors under the new charter. That with this knowledge he had continued to labour through good and ill repute is wholly to his credit. Yet even now he had no intention of leaving his office to be scrambled for by a parcel of factious rascals. There were some thirty or forty old soldiers of his who could be trusted to attempt, at any rate, to carry out such instructions as he might leave. He had intended himself to appoint a deputy, but when the mutineers discovered that he was actually leaving, they persuaded George Percy to let them set him up as President,—

a man of long experience and spotless character, but almost as incapable of governing unruly men as Martin or West. Smith seems to have demurred at this, not from any personal objections to Percy, who had been his friend, but from the fact that it was in defiance of his own still valid authority ; but he was much too ill to fight the question, and when they importuned him to give up his commission, he said wearily that he would never do that, but he was "not unwilling that they should steal it." He had already made arrangements for his passage in one of the ships. He was carried on board, and soon afterwards, on October 4th, 1609, after some two and a half years of ceaseless labour for his fellow colonists and for the planting of English influence upon American soil, the sick and much-enduring man dropped down the James and left the shores of Virginia, as it so proved, for good and all. And here is one of the tributes that went with him, which was echoed from the heart of the thirty or forty old soldiers, men mostly of the original consignment, whose characters had strengthened under the influence of the man who led them, and his inspiring example :—

What shall I say ? but thus we lost him, that in all his proceedings made justice his first guide, and experience his second, ever hating baseness, sloth, pride, and indignity more than any dangers ; that never allowed more for himself than his soldiers with him ; that upon no danger would send them where he would not lead them himself ; that would never see us want what he either had, or could by any means get us ; that would rather want than borrow, or starve than not pay ; that loved actions more than words, and hated falsehood and cozenage more than death ; whose adventures were our lives, and whose loss our deaths.

Thus passed the gallant Smith from the country with whose name all succeeding generations have far more than any other linked his own. Such as it was, Virginia was the only and the first enduring settlement of Great Britain upon the American coast when Smith's ship passed out between Cape Henry and Cape Charles into the Atlantic, and owed the fact of its survival to the indomitable resolution, the single-minded watchfulness and energy, of this one ill-supported, ill-befriended man. He left there some four hundred and ninety colonists, three ships, seven boats, commodities for trade, and the harvest newly gathered, ten weeks' provision in the store, twenty-four pieces of ordnance, three hundred muskets and firelocks, with a good allowance of ammunition, pikes, swords, and morions more than there were men for, and nearly a hundred more or less trained soldiers who knew the savages, their villages, and their ways. There were also tools of all kinds, apparel sufficient for their wants, six mares and a horse, five or six hundred swine, plenty of fowls, and a few goats and sheep. Smith at the moment of leaving felt confident that had his health been spared he could have in time brought to order even the lawless crew that made up the great majority of the colonists. What became of these unfortunates, and how very nearly the fruits of Smith's work fell to utter ruin, shall now be briefly told while the sorely afflicted hero is on his way to England.

The sole restraining influence gone, chaos now commenced at once on the banks of the James. Smith's trained soldiers were in a hopeless minority, and, taught to look to him for orders in every particular, they had produced no man or men morally capable of stemming

such a torrent. The ships, in the first place, whose presence in the James was always a curse, had been delayed a further three weeks, while Ratcliffe and others wasted their time in framing indemnities against their late President which might be despatched with the convoy. No doubt they felt themselves far from comfortable with the prospect of Smith himself (should he survive the voyage) giving his weighty evidence before the worshipful Board of the London Company; but they were to have very much more urgent things to think about in a painfully short time.

Masters Potts and Fettyplace, two of Smith's old soldiers, one the Secretary to the Council, writing two years later, give some account of the stories that were trumped up against Smith by the authorities to whose tender mercies the Colony was now left. All those he had punished for acts of insubordination were invited to make statements about him which were seriously committed to writing, while some of these false witnesses received passes home on condition of maintaining their slanders before the Company's Court when they reached there. The treacherous Dutchmen (or Germans) whom Smith had purposely endeavoured to secure and hang, told a ludicrous story of his trying to poison them with ratsbane. West's mutineers at the Falls were persuaded to swear (through the mouth of one whom Smith had whipped for theft) that he had incited the savages to attack them. Others complained that he would not let them stay in the fort (to starve), but sent them down to the oyster-beds to live or starve (as he did himself). It was also a grievance against him that he would not trade away the tools and implements for

corn. The crowning complaint, however, of all that these wretches either made or were compelled to make, was that Smith designed to marry Pocahontas and make himself King of Virginia.

> It is true [says one chronicler] that she was the very nonpareil of the country, though only thirteen or fourteen years of age, and often brought provisions to the fort, for her affection for Captain Smith. If he would he could have married her, or done with her what he listed, but it was never suspected that he entertained any more regard for her than in honest reason and discretion he might.

So diligent were these suborners that witnesses were invited to remember anything this downright man might have said in mirth or passion, while those that knew not anything were instructed what to say. That Smith was at all times a model of restraint and discretion no one would dream of contesting. A man so vigorous and resourceful could not be, nor indeed could one wish anything so unnatural, if one may say so. Neither the kind of Englishmen he had to govern, nor the Indians he had to deal with, would have responded to a perfect model of this description. Armchair standards could not be reasonably applied to a lonely man who had such odds to face, without any precedent in the history of his country to guide him, and with scarcely an equal and no superior at his side to support him. Full of courage and rude vitality as we always think of him, there is something pathetic in this uncomplaining, unrewarded, and yet cheery struggle against what seems in the relation of it to be so hopeless, while the cruel accident which ended his labours with so long a period of unrelieved torture certainly helps to invite pity, though assuredly none was asked for.

The moment the Indians up at Powhatan heard that Smith was gone they retaliated with such vigour upon the English huddled on the flats below, that West and Martin, having lost all their boats and half their men, retired precipitately down the river to Jamestown, abandoning completely the station at the Falls. On the day Smith sailed for England a small pinnace under Captain Davis, with sixteen proper men, arrived from England, but, whatever their qualities, so small a handful of inexperienced new-comers merely swelled the number to be fed, and could in no way contribute to their better care. Percy, the new President, was sick and unable to move about, with the result, we are told, that there were now "twenty Presidents and all their appurtenances." Food had been wasted recklessly, till even the most factious grew alarmed. West and Ratcliffe (who is more often called by his alias of Sicklemore) furnished two small ships, and with thirty well-appointed men in each went down the river to trade. After Smith's example they sought the favour of Powhatan, but this wily old potentate, vastly pleased, no doubt, at the hapless condition of the hated intruders, was a great deal more than a match for their present leaders. He easily enticed Ratcliffe with thirty men into his clutches by smooth words, and then set to work to exterminate them all,—an operation he performed with great success, only one man escaping. So perished Ratcliffe, the second President of the Colony, and more perhaps than any of his contemporaries its evil genius. West, seeing the impossibility of trading and small prospect of providing the settlers, turned his back on the Colony and sailed for England. In this last massacre a

boy named Spilman, whom Smith had left as a hostage with the Indians and to learn their language, was saved by Pocahontas, and in long years afterwards figured as a well-known interpreter in the Colony.

"Now we all found the want of Captain Smith, yea his greatest maligners could then curse his loss. Now for corn, provision, and contribution from the savages, we had nothing but mortal wounds with clubs and arrows." The stock, the horses, hogs, and other animals soon went; what the savages did not seize the various captains and commanders appropriated to themselves; scarce a taste of these squandered necessities reached the common herd, not even the oldest or most faithful soldiers among them. When these necessaries had all vanished, the swords, muskets, tools, and every valuable thing that these miserable wretches could get hold of were exchanged for such trifling modicums of corn as the now contemptuous natives would deign to give them. The cold of winter now added to their misery, which waxed so great that an Indian, who had been slain in a skirmish, was actually dug up and devoured by the famishing wretches. Then the living began without restraint to feed upon the dead. One almost unspeakable instance occurred, of a man killing and salting down his own wife. He had actually eaten a large portion of this dreadful food before it was discovered. Even the other poor cannibals could not tolerate that; they seized the wretch and hanged him out of hand, "for such a meal as boiled and powdered wife was surely never heard of."

A few of them stole a pinnace and put to sea, designing to turn pirates, for which they were doubtless admirably qualified so far as the will went. As for the mass of

the Colony, they died like flies, and when upon May 23rd Sir George Somers and Sir Thomas Gates, in the two ships they had built on the Bermudas, at last sailed up the James, it was a sorry sight that met their eyes. They and their hundred and fifty men had spent ten happy and comfortable months upon what they named after their admiral the Somers, or the Summer, Isles. They had indeed left them with regret, and only from a sense of duty to their former companions. Their passage to Virginia had been a good one, but what an ending to it—what a port to sail into!

Ten days more, in the opinion of the sufferers, and the total silence of death would have been found brooding over the wreck of Jamestown, instead of the sixty emaciated wretches who crawled out to meet Somers, even in their extremity bewildering his sufficiently shocked intelligence with puling recriminations on one another. Somers and Gates, after due deliberation and in view of their own lack of supplies, decided to embark this wretched remnant of the colonists and to abandon Virginia. The palisades had been torn down for firewood, the houses neglected and portions of them burned; the entire stock of arms had fallen into the hands of the savages; all the animals were eaten, the tools and implements traded away for corn; the cleared land of the settlement, already rank and bristling in the lusty growth with which a Virginian May punishes the idle plough and hoe on freshly opened woodland, and the dry dead corn-stalks of the preceding autumn, already choked in sassafras, saplings, weeds, and briars, must have made a fitting background to the wretched wreck of Jamestown.

Seldom perhaps in men's affairs has the hand of Providence intervened so strikingly as at this critical moment of American history; even the most cynical might feel a passing twinge in speaking of the event as a wonderful coincidence. After a fortnight's deliberation, and listening, doubtless, to many strange tales from the emaciated skeletons they had relieved in such timely fashion, Somers and Gates agreed to the general wish to abandon the Colony, and proceeded to dismantle the fort. It is probable that some of the colonists were against the abandonment. Three or four who have left us memoirs,—though these, of course, represent the pick of the community—had a sore struggle before they gave their consent. But it must have seemed very hopeless. There was neither heart, nor inclination, nor the materials to carry on the business. The hundred and fifty new arrivals no doubt were thoroughly intimidated by the appearance of the Virginians, the desolation of the settlement, so much more disheartening than a virgin wilderness, and by tales of the savages, who must have looked on with secret, if not open, exultation. At any rate, the die was cast; a decision was arrived at, with no recorded opposition, though happily a proposal to burn the fort and buildings was just overruled. The sixty survivors of the eight hundred and odd souls in all that had landed at Jamestown since the spring of 1607 were taken on board with nothing on but the rags they stood in, and the two ships sailed down the river, as all supposed, for the last time. As they were passing through what we now call Hampton Roads they perceived, to their astonishment, a ship's boat rowing towards them. They were yet more surprised to be

hailed and boarded by an English crew, and informed that Lord De la Warr in three well-stocked ships was off the Capes. This altered the whole situation, and the arrival of the public-spirited nobleman at this juncture, though readily accounted for, seemed at this moment nothing short of a miracle. His Lordship was, of course, Governor of Virginia under the new code. Gates had come out as the inevitable deputy, who usually bore the burden of this honour in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. But De la Warr was no sinecurist. He had only stayed behind to complete matters, and the reports from Virginia, sent off with the fleet in October when Smith sailed, had been well calculated to promote anxiety among all those interested in the movement. Somers and Gates were reported in England as probably lost; but here they were on their way home to report the final failure of American colonisation, and bearing the threescore attenuated witnesses to its futility. Lord De la Warr's heart was in the business. His brother, though something of a weakling, had at any rate abandoned the luxuries of his home and station, and having returned, as will be remembered, in the previous autumn, no doubt added his entreaties to those of Smith and others for a speedy relief of the Colony. One may be permitted perhaps to speculate on the feelings of the sixty refugees from Jamestown when Lord De la Warr and Somers agreed at once to turn their ships about and resuscitate the abandoned settlement. That some few were glad we know from their own evidence, and it may be accounted surely to their credit if we consider the circumstances; the rest are, at any rate, of little consequence. The combined flotillas re-set their sails for

the West, and disembarked at Jamestown on Sunday, June 10th. The men were drawn up in military array and with some ceremonial to receive their new Governor, and after a decent interval Lord De la Warr rowed up to the landing-place in his state barge. Happily his Lordship was a different kind of nobleman from some who in after years battened on the salary that accrued to the sinecure governorship of Virginia. He was all enthusiasm and practical business, combined with the religious fervour and sympathy of his time. On landing he at once fell on his knees and gave praise to the Almighty for the extraordinary manifestation of His Divine Providence that had been just vouchsafed them. And indeed this scene is by no means the least of the many dramatic scenes which illuminate this stirring epoch.

CHAPTER XI

IN THE OLD WORLD AGAIN

WHILE Captain Smith is recovering from his wounds in England and refuting or preparing to refute the slanders of his enemies, we must, if only for his sake, follow out the fortunes of Virginia in as brief a sketch as possible. This is the more permissible as for a long time we know nothing of the details of Smith's life in England. We do know by inference that he recovered his health, and by plenty of evidence that he retained his interest in the Colony he had so wrought for, both financially and actively. Indeed, the rest of his life was devoted to furthering the cause of colonisation; but of this later.

In the meantime, Lord De la Warr began his rule in Virginia with a vigorous oration, which, coupled with the abundant supplies he had brought with him, put heart and some temporary sense into the colonists. Among the fifty survivors it was inevitable by the laws of nature that there should be some of Smith's hardened old soldiers, while the hundred and fifty new settlers had behind them nearly a year's experience of a colonist's life under some sort of discipline in the Bermudas. Above all, they had received a tremendous lesson, either in person or as eye-witnesses of the result. At any rate,

the whole company now set to work, some on the ruinous houses, some to clean the cleared land, others to fell timber. De la Warr was not only a man of high social position, which meant so much at that time, but he was supported by Gates and Somers, by Sir Ferdinand Waynman and other gentlemen of weight and character. He had, moreover, a whole year's provisions, and in the same summer sent Admiral Somers and Captain Argall in two ships to the Bermudas to fetch fresh meat. Hours of labour were regulated, though to our notions they were light enough; attendance at church, both morning and evening, was strictly enforced; the houses were made thoroughly weatherproof, and two forts built, named Henry and Charles. These last were placed a short way down the river in a wholesome, well-watered spot, where new arrivals could remain for a time before encountering the sanitary terrors of Jamestown. The Indians gave a little trouble, but De la Warr met them after the fashion of Smith, with a prompt and high hand; and he had, moreover, the advantage of not having enemies behind as well as in front of him, as had been his predecessor's misfortune. He sent Sir Thomas Gates home to report on their condition and persuade the Company not to abandon their enterprise, which, as a fresh issue of capital was now necessary, caused them to enter into a "deep consultation." De la Warr, however, much to his disappointment, had to follow his envoys in the ensuing March, for the poisonous situation of Jamestown had prostrated him with ague and dysentery, which produced further and more permanent ailments. He left the government in the hands of that always respectable

lieutenant, but very indifferent ruler of men, George Percy, and sailed home by the Azores, where a diet of lemons and oranges so nearly cured him, that he was anxious to return to his post in Virginia, but was persuaded against it. His arrival seems to have been regarded by some in England as a confession of despondency regarding the Colony, and as providing them with a good excuse for not paying further calls upon their shares, or subscribing for fresh ones. De la Warr's influence in the Colony must have been considerable, for the moment he left, some of his supporters also being absent, the colonists fell into their old thriftless ways. Sir Thomas Dale had been despatched from England while De la Warr was still on the sea, with three ships, men, cattle, and another year's supply. There is no doubt but that as agriculturists these early Virginians were utter wastrels, even after making the fullest allowance for circumstances. Tobacco requires some skill and experience, but to grow maize, in the valley of the James, needed nothing more than a single season would have amply demonstrated. Each acre, moderately cultivated, would have kept from three to five men in wholesome bread for a year. But when Gates arrived in May, 1611, he found the settlers at the old game of bowls again in the streets of Jamestown, having made no preparation for a corn crop of any kind, and trusting wholly to the store, then furnished with but three months' provision. Their early zeal had soon worn itself out; neither did the prospect of being kept for seven years in accordance with the terms of the new charter seem to oppress them with the slightest obligation as to their side of the compact; while the possession

of a single share in the Company was not sufficient incentive to individual energy when a strong leader was lacking. And this was certainly the case when the Honourable George Percy was in command. Dale fell upon the bowl-players with some energy and scattered them to various works. He then, late though it was, cleaned land and planted a crop of corn at Kecoughtan (now Hampton) by the two new forts, which at any rate produced something. But Dale, so says Master Hamar in writing of this time, was at first not nearly severe enough for the men he had to govern, upon whom nothing but the fear of a cruel and unusual death would have the slightest effect. In the beginning of August, however, Gates arrived with a fresh supply, six tall ships with three hundred men, a hundred cattle, and all manner of provisions. The last comer now took over the government, and set vigorously to work upon a new town in a loop of the river, some ten miles below Powhatan, and called it Henrico, after Prince Henry. The only exposed side of the settlement was fortified, and within the enclosure soon arose a town of three streets, with frame buildings, church, watch-towers, and store-houses. Along the bank of the river the better sort of settlers lived as English farmers, keeping watch over the town's safety.

This year, 1611-12, indeed marked the beginning of a really new era for Virginia. Gates was an able ruler, and the last three hundred settlers seem to have been of slightly better quality. Many women were now in the Colony, and family life established. Large tracts of corn-land were cleared and fenced along the fertile river bank. Big ranges were enclosed for live stock, and regular watch kept against the attacks or the pilfering

of the savages. Even the climate of Jamestown improved with occupation, and there grew up a street of substantial two-storied houses with shingle roofs. Near Henrico were the Appomatox Indians, and upon their showing hostility Gates cleared them out and appropriated the site of their village and corn-land, calling it Bermuda in memory of his sojourn in those islands, and Bermuda Hundred it remains to this day. Many other things were done and work undertaken, which in this brief survey of the Colony after Smith's departure do not call for notice. A Draconian code had been introduced by De la Warr and Dale under the new charter; and the latter, an able, though afterwards a hard ruler, had gone some way in enforcing its merciless tenets. Absence from church, blaspheming God's name, or speaking against the known articles of the Christian faith, were all capital offences; as also were trading with the Indians, and the malicious injuring of crops or stock. For disrespectful demeanour towards a clergyman the offender was to be thrice publicly whipped, and after each castigation to make a public apology. It was as much, too, as a man's life was worth to say anything against either the King or the London Company of Virginia. For shirking work and minor crimes a regular scale of punishment was instituted. This somewhat ferocious code produced a conspiracy, of which the leader, Jeffrey Abbot, seems unfortunately to have been one of the old and reputable hands; yet he was put to death, with five others, in a "cruel and unusual manner" not specified. But the measures of Dale are more than justified by contemporary writings, which show of what unpromising material a great part of the seven or eight hundred settlers now on

the James were composed. At the same time there had also commenced, though gradually, a parcelling of the land into private lots and estates. Every man of the common sort was allotted three acres of cleared land, and a free month out of the twelve during seed-time and harvest in which to work it. The effect of this, says Hamar, was magical, the labour of three or four men producing henceforward as much as the labour of thirty under the communistic system, which had discouraged even the industriously inclined. It is not clear to what extent the higher sort among the community were independent of its laws, or what facilities they had for purchasing or patenting land. But that the only line of development which promised a successful issue to the Colony had now begun is tolerably certain, and in a few years the industry of Virginia, stimulated by the introduction of tobacco as its money-crop, became a byword, and at the same time a reproach from its concentration upon this single crop and neglect of everything else.

Nothing had been heard of Pocahontas since she served the Colony so well in its earlier days, and had been so often seen at Jamestown. One chronicler relates that she had been married to a chieftain named Kocaum; but whether she made a native marriage before her celebrated union with John Rolfe does not really matter. Her English husband's status with regard to matrimony is much more important to those who, on account of descent or from mere historical interest, would probe the question of her son's legitimacy. In the meantime, this historic damsel was just now beyond all doubt domiciled far away from her royal

father's wigwams at Werowocomoco, for that young and unscrupulous navigator Captain Argall, a relative of Sir Thomas Smith and prominent in Virginian matters, met her while trading up the Potomac river. His wife, it seems, was with him, and the story how he inveigled the Indian maid on board through her influence is more curious than creditable to the heart of the English sailor. His object was to secure her as a hostage for the good behaviour of her father Powhatan, who had been more or less hostile ever since the departure of Smith.

John Rolfe and his wife had sailed from England in the *Sea Venture* with Gates and Somers. During those ten months on the Bermudas a daughter was born to them and christened Bermuda, though she is not relevant to this story. Mrs. Rolfe died, it so happened, soon after reaching Virginia, and about John Rolfe's freedom to marry again in legitimate fashion there would seem to be no doubt. But Pocahontas, after her capture by Argall, was detained at Jamestown; and then, according to Ralph Hamar's account (he being the secretary of the Colony and son of a leading stock-holder), Argall took ship, carrying a hundred and fifty men, with Pocahontas herself, and appeared off Werowocomoco, Powhatan's village on the York river, demanding restitution from him of English captives and stolen property. A compromise, however, seems to have been arrived at by Rolfe (who was with the expedition) declaring his love for Pocahontas,—a dramatic instance of Venus appeasing the God of War unparalleled in history, if true. Politic reasons, moreover, seem to have influenced the English in applauding Rolfe's passion. Some writers regard him as the victim of a romantic affection recipro-

cated by the Indian maiden, if such she were; others extol him as a high-minded patriot who embraced an alliance with a barbarian for the good of his country. The former view is happily much the most reasonable, even if we admit the possibility of its being a somewhat idealised one. Rolfe, however, was disturbed upon another score. The young woman was certainly not a member of the orthodox Church, which even in the wilds of Virginia had to be actively recognised, upon pain of death, as the only means of salvation; but she was not even a Christian. The difficulty was overcome by the ceremony of baptism, and by reducing the euphonious name of Pocahontas to the commonplace level of Rebecca. Rolfe was now not only gratifying what all past and, let us hope, future generations would wish to believe was a romantic passion, and at the same time cementing an alliance between the two nations occupying Virginia, but he was also snatching a brand from the burning, as it were, in easy and pleasant fashion. Married they were accordingly in the now trim church at Jamestown before a large audience of their respective races, and with the blessing of Sir Thomas Dale, in April, 1614.

The Virginian Colony progressing slowly but surely, we may pass over the next two years and mark that of 1616 as the one which saw the removal to England of John Rolfe and his Indian wife. The latter had been living for some time at Jamestown, and by the diligent care of her husband and his friends had been taught to speak sufficiently intelligible English, and also well instructed in Christianity, until she had achieved the formal and civil manner of the English; and there were by this time many English women, including a few of gentle breeding, in

the Colony who, we are expressly told, showed her great attention. On her arrival in London, Captain Smith, to show his gratitude to her, wrote a particular letter to the Queen, which is still preserved, requesting her favour for the Indian princess. In this he tells the Queen how his love for his God, his King, and his country had so often encouraged him in the extreme of danger that he would think himself ungrateful indeed if he failed to do his utmost for one who had not only saved his life at the risk of her own on two occasions, but had also proved herself the constant friend of the English by bringing provisions to them so often in their dire necessity with her own hands and in time of war. The writer relates to her Majesty, with some minuteness, the story with which the reader is already familiar, and then goes on: "She next, under God, was the instrument to preserve this colony from death, famine, and utter confusion, which if in those times it had once been dissolved, Virginia might have lain as it was at our first arrival to this day." Finally he begs the Queen to consider the practical value of any favour she might show to Pocahontas, and what an excellent effect it would have on the members of her nation when she returned to Virginia.

He then describes to his readers his own meeting with Pocahontas in England soon after her arrival, and this singular interview is well worth a passing notice. Smith was then engaged in preparing for a voyage to New England, which will be spoken of presently, and on this account he says:

I could not stay to do her that service I desired and she well deserved; but hearing she was at Branford (Brentford)

with divers of my friends, I went to see her. After a modest salutation, without any word, she turned about, obscured her face, as not seeming well contented ; and in that humour her husband, with divers others, we all left her two or three hours, repenting myself to have writ [in the letter to the Queen] she could speak English. But not long after she began to talk, and remembered me well what courtesies she had done.

The simple girl then reminded Smith how, when he came to Powhatan and made his first treaty of friendship, he had called the old chief father, and now, being in Smith's country, she herself would call him father. This, with the queer exaggeration and standards of the period, Smith declared he durst not allow, as she was a king's daughter. But the latter, with ready logic, reminded him that a man who could come to her father and strike all his country with fear must surely be worthy of the honoured title she proposed to give him ; and she insisted that he was to be her father and she his child : "They did tell us always you were dead, and I knew no other till I came to Plymouth ; yet Powhatan did command Uttamatomakkin to seek you and know the truth, because your countrymen will lie much."

This savage with the formidable name, being a councillor of Powhatan's, had come to England with Rolfe and Pocahontas. So far as his master's concerns went, his chief mission was to make a census of the population. Arriving at Plymouth, he procured a long stick and began his Herculean labour by cutting notches on it for all the people he could see, a task of which, as may be surmised, he soon wearied. But during Smith's short sojourn in London this year (1616) he went often, with many courtiers and others of his acquaintances, to

see his old friend Pocahontas, and they were wont to declare that they had seen many English ladies worse favoured, proportioned, and behaved. After this time the King and Queen took great notice of the Virginian Princess. She became the mode; persons of quality and distinction crowded round her at the fêtes and routs, and we may well believe the tradition that to take the royalty of this Indian girl seriously, to bend low before her and walk backwards out of her presence, became the passing mania of a season. But the climate and confined life of England agreed ill with this daughter of the woods. Consumption fastened on her, and she soon afterwards died at Gravesend on the eve of her embarkation for Virginia. Her son, Thomas Rolfe, remained in England to be educated, but eventually returned to the land of his birth and became the ancestor of many well-known families. A portrait of Pocahontas is still in the possession of descendants of the Rolfe family in England, and the engraving of it, at any rate, is well known. It was painted (so says the inscription beneath it) in 1616, the year she came to England, and in the twenty-first of her age. She is here described as "Rebecca, daughter of the Mighty Prince Powhatan, Emperor of [a nation that has evidently been too much for the painter's grasp of Indian orthography]. Converted and baptized into the Christian Church and wife to the Worshipful Mr. Thomas [John] Rolfe." The portrait shows all the characteristics of the Indian physiognomy, though by no means to an unpleasant degree; her costume is that of a court lady of her day. Smith leads us to infer that she was of small stature, but her mind and intelligence must certainly have been above the average of her nation.

She has been described by scores of pens, and often with a wealth of fancy that ranges from a stately and ravishing beauty to something not far removed from an ill-favoured dwarf. It is not, however, difficult, I think, assisted by her portrait and an ordinary acquaintance with the North American Indian type, to form a fair notion of the appearance of Pocahontas, and to smile at the vehemence with which fertile imaginations have from both points of view fought over it. But we must leave Pocahontas to the fame which she has earned, though this by the way is sufficiently shadowy to link her in the minds of many with Smith only too completely, and picture her, not merely as her hero's deliverer, but as eventually his wife, to the exclusion of John Rolfe. As for this comparatively obscure individual, he earned the title to be remembered as something more than the husband of Pocahontas, by taking a lead in the introduction of tobacco-growing in Virginia. To that absorbing and soothing occupation we will also leave the turbulent and harassed settlers on the James till such time as their very industry almost proved their ruin, and the carelessness which grew out of their prosperity provoked the terrible Indian massacre of 1622.

In 1612, the year after Smith's return, he published his map of Virginia, with a description of the country, under his own name. To this was afterwards added a second portion, written by his companions, and edited by the Reverend W. Simmonds, about whom we know nothing; it is noteworthy, however, that the work issued from the Oxford University Press. It was published, as the preface explains, "To tell the truth about the founding of Virginia. For nothing can so purge that famous

action from the infamous scandal some ignorantly have conceited as the plain, naked, and simple truth."

Soon after this Smith went out with two ships, in the service of some London merchants, to pay his first visit of investigation to New England. His intention was to catch whales and inspect a reported mine of gold and copper. The first was too costly to be profitable; the last Smith thought was chiefly put forward as an excuse for the voyage. It gave him, however, that opportunity to explore the coast and make charts which he delighted in, and to store up knowledge of the country for other people's benefit. After six months he returned with a cargo of dried fish and furs, and was chiefly instrumental in fastening the name of New England upon this northern part of the Atlantic coast, hitherto called Norumbega. He thought highly of the country, having begun by esteeming it in the main a great source of fishing-wealth, an industry he thought underrated by Englishmen as compared to their Dutch rivals. Englishmen, he declared, were always running after phantom gold mines, while the Dutchmen were quietly drawing fortunes from the vasty deep: "And what sport," he asks, "doth yield a more pleasing content and less hurt and charge than angling with a hook, and crossing the sweet air from isle to isle, over the silent streams of a calm sea, wherein the most curious may find profit, pleasure, and content?" Here, for eight hundred miles eastward from Cape Cod, is a rare mine, he says, as good as that by the Newfoundland coasts, and as yet unworked. As for the soil and country to the north and south of Massachusetts bay, he undertakes with thirty or forty stout men to daily

feed two or three hundred with as good corn, fish, and flesh as the earth has of their kind, and at the same time hold the savages in restraint. The visit to New England kindles again in Smith all the fever of the coloniser, and recollections of what he might have done in Virginia had he been served by men of reasonable sense and industry, and been himself in the service of a Company whose officers could have properly appreciated the nature of the work. He was still working with tongue and pen for that Company in England, but the half-hearted fashion in which they had made amends to him for what he rightly regarded as their ingratitude, and their ready credence in the past to his slanderers, made the whole question of Virginia a somewhat bitter one.

It would have been impossible for him to return there now. He told the Council that they were living in a fool's paradise, but no one either in London or in Virginia believed him; and, upon the whole, this is not surprising, for only one having a very intimate knowledge of the Virginian tribes would have ventured such an unpopular theory. The Virginians, as already mentioned, had now gone mad upon the subject of tobacco, for which the market at this stage of good demand and limited supply was very brisk. No gold was found nor exploration advertised to stimulate the hopes of the London Council; but in 1616 there was no grumbling in the Colony and little idleness. Trees were falling and new grounds opening in numerous settlements, both up and down the river. The very streets of Jamestown, we are told, were planted in tobacco. A shiftlessness, however, went along with its

culture, which has been, in a sense, its curse ever since. All other interests and enterprises suffered. The buildings and fences tottered in premature decay. Enough corn seems to have been grown for bread, but the savages were treated as if the millennium had arrived. It was not only that they were allowed the free use of the settlers' houses, sleeping and feeding in them, but they had been permitted to acquire firearms wholesale, and carefully instructed in their use; and they regularly killed game with them for the Englishmen who found it more profitable to spend their time among their tobacco-fields. There was no armed guard, nor any men drilled in the use of firearms. The wide-scattered settlers were absolutely at the mercy of the Indians, and Smith, well knowing that a straw might turn them at any moment, shook his head when the idyllic state of Virginia was the subject of mutual congratulation among his fellow-shareholders and their directors. There was no room for him or his views there at present; and when the massacre of 1622 fell like a bomb-shell on the Colony, the Company, and the country, and Smith came forward to offer his personal services, together with a formulated scheme of future defence, they were rejected. It is more than probable that the continual vindication by facts of Smith's judgment as opposed to that of his official superiors had irritated these worshipful gentlemen to an extent greater than human nature, in that or any age, could be expected to bear. Nor perhaps did the outspoken Smith feel it necessary to spare the feelings of those who had taken so small a count of his.

But the massacre was still in the future, and in

1616-17, with no call to Virginia, Smith was busy with the projects of colonising those northern territories which had once been part of the domain of the Virginia Company. He seems to have travelled much about England urging colonisation as the great remedy for what seemed over-population to the people of James the First's time, and scattering his books and opinions in all directions. No one could throw it in his face, at any rate, that he had not the courage of his opinions, or was slow to venture where he would urge others. A more formidable propagandist the English employers of labour, or those opposed to emigration, could not well have had cause to fear.

Who can desire more content [he wrote at this time], that hath small means, or but only his merit to advance his fortune, than to tread and plant that ground he hath purchased by the hazard of his life? . . . What so truly suits with honour and honesty as the discovering things unknown, erecting towns, peopling countries, informing the ignorant, reforming things unjust, teaching virtue, and gain to our native Mother Country a kingdom to attend her and find employment for those that are idle because they know not what to do? . . . Then who would live at home idly (or think in himself any worth to live) only to eat, drink and sleep, and so to die? Or by consuming that carelessly his friends got worthily? Or by using that miserably that maintained virtue honestly? Or for being descended nobly, pine with the vain vaunt of great kindred in penury? Or to maintain a silly show of bravery, toil out thy heart, soul and time, basely by shifts, tricks, cards and dice? Or by relating news of other men's actions, shark here and there for a dinner or supper, deceive thy friends by fair promises and dissimulation, in borrowing where thou never intendest to pay, offend the laws, surfeit with excess, burden thy country, abuse thyself, despair in want, and then cozen thy kindred, yea even thine own brother, and wish thy parents'

death (I will not say damnation), to have their estates, though thou seest what honours and rewards the world yet hath for them who will seek them and worthily deserve them ?

Smith then addresses the Jacobean parent, who was apparently more tender-hearted or more timid in this venture, and perhaps with justice, than his prototype in the twentieth century.

And you fathers that are either so foolishly fond, or so miserably covetous, or so wilfully ignorant, or so negligently careless, as that you will rather maintain your children in idle wantonness till they grow your masters, or become so basely unkind as they wish nothing but your deaths, so that both sorts grow dissolute; and although you would wish them anywhere to escape the gallows and ease your cares, though they spend you here one, two, or three hundred pounds a year, you would grudge to give half so much in adventure with them to obtain an estate, which in a small time, but with a little assistance of your providence, might be better than your own. But if an angel should tell you any place yet unknown can afford such fortunes, you would not believe it. . . . I have not been so ill-bred but I have tasted of plenty and pleasure, as well as want and misery ; nor doth necessity yet, or occasion of discontent, force me to these endeavours, nor am I ignorant what small thanks I shall have for my pains. . . . I wish all sorts of worthy honest industrious spirits would understand, and if they desire any farther satisfaction, I will do my best to give it, not to persuade them to go only, but go with them, not leave them there, but live with them there. . . . My purpose is not to persuade children from their parents, men from their wives, nor servants from their masters, only such as by free consent may be spared; but that each parish or village, in city or country, that will but apparell their fatherless children of thirteen or fourteen years of age, or young married people that hath small wealth to live on, here by their labour may live exceeding well.

With many pages of sound common-sense, Smith thus invokes the British public, and is in the meantime preparing himself for a second visit to New England. It has been already mentioned that much rivalry existed between the adventurers of London and Plymouth. Smith, though closely connected with the former, was above local prejudice when a great question was at issue, and was a strong advocate for making Plymouth the port of sail for all Western expeditions. It was often easier, he truly said, to sail from Plymouth to Newfoundland than from London to the mouth of the English Channel. He was anxious for the two groups to combine, and sink their differences in some common action. London had the money, and Plymouth the natural advantages and the better fishermen. It was a pity that each should fail for lack of what the other had. The London merchants had been much impressed by Smith's fishing-expedition to New England, small as had been the scale of his operations, and no doubt his well known opinions had influenced them still more. They now fitted out four ships for a venture of this kind upon a larger scale, and offered Smith the command; but the latter had already promised Sir Ferdinando Gorges, the Dean of Exeter, and various Western merchants, to take out as many ships for them, and, as he justly remarked, he could not command both fleets. Accordingly in January, 1615, with two hundred pounds in money and six gentlemen, full of hope in the promises of his West-country friends, he journeyed down to Plymouth. But there his hopes were dashed to the ground; the four vessels were not forthcoming, nor likely to be. A gold-hunting ship, which the same Company had previously

despatched, had in the meantime returned empty-handed, and so depressed the Devonians that they had thrown Smith and his project to the winds. The gallant Captain, however, was not easily daunted; after six months of continuous trouble he succeeded in putting to sea with a ship of two hundred tons and another of fifty, and a company of sixteen men besides the crews. He wished they had been as many thousands, and it was rather from want of means than of men, he says, that they were not so. Such a venture as this could of course be only one of trade, exploration, and fishing; but he was anxious to come to some definite agreement with certain Indian tribes whose aquaintance he had made on the former voyage. If he could not help to settle New England as he had settled Virginia, he at any rate might pave the way for it.

In drawing up the narrative of this voyage Smith bitterly assails those enemies who would cast a doubt upon his former experiences as told by himself. Such cavillers, he vows, shall this time at any rate have no chance to wag their evil and envious tongues. Accordingly he had six of the most reputable of his companions examined on oath by Sir Lewis Stukeley, Admiral of Devonshire, immediately on his return, and this is their testimony in brief.

A hundred leagues out Smith's ship was dismasted by a hurricane, and though his consort proceeded to America, he himself was forced to return to Plymouth, whence he sailed again in a small barque of sixty tons. A few days out he was chased by an English pirate, one Fry, who could not board him for foul weather. The master of the ship importuned Smith to yield, seeing the pirate

carried eighty-six expert seamen and thirty-six guns, as was afterwards proved. Meanwhile the pirate's crew had discovered who their enemy was. Some of them had been Smith's soldiers in the East, having in fact stolen the ship and run from Tunis, and now desired to sail under his command. But he knew too much of the pirate class as colonists and explorers, and declined their offer with all civility. He had some cause, however, to repent his action, for in a short time he was chased by two heavily-armed French pirates, and again his officers begged him to yield up the ship; but Smith with characteristic brevity replied that he would blow her up first, which so quickened the navigating skill of his mariners that they soon contrived to get clear of their pursuers. Luck continued against them, for next they fell foul of four French men-of-war from which they could not get away, and even Smith did not propose to try conclusions with such a fleet, especially as their hostility was not certain. He therefore went on board their admiral's ship and showed his commission; but the Frenchman proved most uncivil, for he rifled the two English ships, manned them with his own people, and distributed Smith's men among his own vessels. Within a short time they were increased to eight or nine sail, and after that, under the influence of Smith's persuasions, the French admiral relented and restored to him his ship and all his provisions. But then, when all seemed well, a worse thing came to pass. The disaffected among the English crew, though near half-way to America, were loath to go on, and as the two factions were disputing, Smith being for the moment with the French admiral, a sail suggestive of booty hove in sight, and the disputants,

sinking their differences, at once gave chase, leaving Smith with nothing but the clothes he stood up in on the French ship. The English sailors, after a fruitless chase, thinking Smith's personal property was better than his masterful presence, left him where he was and divided his goods among themselves, the fifteen landsmen on board, as they declare in their testimonies, being powerless in the matter. This pretty business (so characteristic of the Atlantic in the good old times) satisfactorily completed, they set their sails for Plymouth, and when they reached there excused themselves for running away with their employer's property by the likely tale that they feared he would turn privateer—a scandalous trade indeed for such a parcel of law-abiding and decent Englishmen as they had proved themselves to be. It is satisfactory to think that Smith eventually ran these rascals to earth, and laid them by the heels, as he had done with so many scamps in Virginia.

But before this happy termination, he has a tale to tell of his adventures with the Frenchmen; and as there were no English magistrates and witnesses on their fleet to swear affidavits, he is constrained to be again his own biographer, an occupation he welcomed, however, as keeping his perplexed thoughts from too much meditation on his miserable estate.

They cruised about the Azores for some time, on the look-out for those perennial objects of plunder to all sea-goers, the Spanish treasure-ships. Their first adventure was with a small English pirate, which ended in a friendly arrangement. Then a caravel slipped past them under the castle of Gratiosa, whose guns frustrated their attempt to catch her. The next was a small English ship

of Poole, from Newfoundland, laden with fish, of which the Frenchmen considerately only took half. When an English ship was encountered Smith was locked up in the cabin; when a Spanish vessel was the enemy, he was welcomed as a valuable ally and much enjoyed these brief periods of distraction. But his soul was heavy within him. This sort of thing had been all very well in his earlier days, but his mind was now bent on nobler aims than fighting and plundering for fighting's sake. His enforced voyage in the French man-of-war must have brought back to him vividly the days of his youth, when he had sailed with Frenchmen in the same seas on much the same business, though with a lighter heart.

A Scot was the next prize, but he was fortunate; for the Frenchman had hardly time to transfer a boat-load of marmalade and sugar from his victim, before the sight of four sails drew him off in chase of what seemed a greater prize. The four ships, however, ran up British colours, which checked the advance of the French captain who, Smith says, was regarded by his own men as a coward; for when immediately afterwards they fell in with four Spanish ships from the Indies, and fighting them for four hours, "tore their sails and sides with many a shot betwixt wind and weather," the said captain was afraid to board and lost the prize, to the anger of the crew and great contempt of Smith. A poor caravel of Brazil, laden with sugar, hides, and silver, was next captured, after half her crew had been killed and wounded; then came a Dutchman, whose people the French betrayed with fair promises, in the manner they had served Smith, or indeed worse, for they manned her with Frenchmen and sent her off to France. Next day they encountered big

game in the shape of a Spanish Indiaman, and after a morning's fight took her laden with treasure, both royal and that of rich passengers aboard. Such profitable business only whetted the Frenchmen's appetite for more, and Smith began to despair of getting home. For two more months he was detained to help them in their fights, though often fed with promises of being landed at the Azores, with a bonus in his pocket of ten thousand crowns out of the prize-money ; a consideration which no doubt reconciled him to indulge his fighting instincts whenever permitted.

At length they all set sail for France, Smith in a prize-ship, which was separated from the rest by a storm and had its mast shot away by two Spanish West-Indiamen. When after great difficulty they arrived off Rochelle, instead of setting him free with the promised money they kept Smith a prisoner on board, accusing him of having burnt their colony in New France. They threatened him with such complications in their courts, when he should land, that to avoid everything of the kind he escaped one stormy night in a boat, thinking to make Rat Island. The gale, however, carried him out to sea, and after being the sport of winds and waves throughout the night, he was finally cast away among some marshes, where in the morning certain fowlers found him more dead than alive. Here he pawned his boat to get to Rochelle, where he had heard that the French captain's ship had been wrecked, himself and half his company drowned, and the Spanish treasure mostly lost. On arriving at Rochelle he also heard news of his own death, which he promptly took steps to contradict. His application to the Admiralty Courts for his share of the Spanish treasure

was met only with fair words and promises; the English ambassador at Bordeaux could not or would not help him, and though his surviving shipmates from the French vessels were willing their powers were limited. Though a considerable part of the Spanish treasure was saved from the wreck, he does not seem to have received any portion of his promised share.

There was nothing for him now but to make the best of his way back to Plymouth. There he found that not only had he been "buried among the French, but with so much infamy as such treacherous cowards could suggest to excuse their villainies." The worst of them, as has been said, Smith laid by the heels, much to their surprise, no doubt, while the well-disposed helped to draw up the document that is the authority for the first part of this narrative of Smith's last voyage. Surely no more unlucky man ever lived. One's heart goes out to him as he thus finishes this hapless chapter: "Yet must I sigh and say, how oft hath Fortune in the world brought slavery, freedom, and turned all diversely."

CHAPTER XII

THE END OF A BUSY LIFE

An enthusiastic belief in colonisation, as a source of future greatness to England and as a present relief for her less fortunate sons and daughters, continued to inspire the remainder of Smith's life. Virginia having struggled out through a succession of mistakes and calamities into smooth water, New England seemed to him to be only awaiting a similar experiment, with the inestimable advantage of Virginia's blunders for a warning. It lay within the patent of the Old Plymouth Company, and Smith applied himself with unremitting vigour to bestir the people of the West-country, who were its main supporters. He not only visited all the towns, but nearly all the gentry of the two counties, and distributed no less than seven thousand books of his own writing. Some accounted him a fanatic; others said that he was but seeking his own profit. He had himself, so he avers, never as yet "seen as much as a shilling where he had expended a pound," though such a tribute to his honesty would be a poor advertisement to a scoffing world for his favourite schemes; and very likely it did not believe him when he said that he would die happy if he could only see prosperous colonies established, even

though he had no share in them. He was fond of taunting his countrymen with the enterprise of the Spaniards, though none knew better than he the particular weakness of their system. With a curious echo of the future he used to ask why the Spaniards should boast that upon their sovereign's dominions the sun never set, and vow that if Englishmen were no less brave than Spaniards they would press on till they could make a like vaunt.

The comparative success of Virginia in 1616-20 was not so patent to those at home as to those in the Colony, who were making a fair living by tobacco, and rather neglecting the wider interests of the Company; and the money sunk had been immense. Enlightened people were growing shy of adventuring their money in this particular way, while the ignorant had often conceived extraordinary prejudices against the Colony; some criminals had actually been known to prefer the gallows. But to urge a plantation on either nobleman, gentleman, or merchant "availed no more than to hew rocks with oyster-shells; so fresh were the living abuses of Virginia and the Summer Isles in their memories."

Yet Smith persevered. His passion for the welfare of Virginia and the colonies he hoped to see in New England surpassed, he admits, the "bounds of modesty," but to him they had been "his wife, his hawks, his hounds, his cards, his dice." The Western Company seemed greatly impressed; they promised Smith no less than twenty well-found ships to sail with him the very next year, and he was, moreover, made Admiral of New England for life. The last honour indeed seemed but a barren thing while there was no New England to support it; and as the twenty ships dwindled down to two when

the time came, the founding of the new colony seemed as far off as ever. A voyage with a beggarly couple of ships would no longer serve Smith's purpose. All the exploring and surveying necessary for a first settlement he had already done; and, though scarcely forty, the tremendous hardships of his earlier years had probably made him less ready to undertake mere personal exploits. A substantial colony was what he laboured for; and as the hard-won promises of ships and men dwindled down each year,—when the moment arrived, to a mere whaling or fishing expedition—there was nothing for this sorely tried enthusiast to do, but to continue writing and talking, and travelling the country, with the hope of better things in the future.

With 1620 came the ever-memorable sailing of the Pilgrim Fathers. "Well-disposed Brownists" Smith calls them; and he was not a little sore with them, for it would seem that he had offered them his services, which had been declined. They would probably have saved themselves a vast deal of suffering had they taken him with them; but as Smith, with not unnatural bitterness, remarked, they thought his books the cheapest method, and of them they made free use. Still our hero was a churchman, and a clean-living and God-fearing one, if some fortuitous buccaneering be not accounted a crime; and a guide, adviser, and friend who believed in kings, bishops, and liturgies, would, after all, have been an inconceivable anachronism among these austere enthusiasts whose main object was to get beyond the very echo of such names. The story of the Pilgrim Fathers is a familiar one, but the reader will probably not resent the reminder that they came mainly from two congregations

of Brownists and Baptists, or Independents, originating in Gainsborough and the neighbourhood, who had fled to Holland for liberty of worship. They had formed their scheme under the old Virginia charter of 1606, but actually carried it out under one given them by the Plymouth Company in 1620. They called their settlement behind Cape Cod after the Devonshire town, in gratitude for the hospitality they had received there on their outward journey.

Smith, however, though he considered himself to have been ill-used at their hands, gives them every credit for their courage and tenacity, and contrasts them sadly with the rabbles whom it had been his lot to deal with in Virginia. Still he justly deplores the light-hearted ignorance with which they had settled themselves in an unknown country as a leading example of how a colony should not be planted. Such good material should at least have had the assistance of some experts, and thus been saved from those needless errors which were inevitable in such circumstances to the bravest and the best. Though sorely tried by seeing himself forestalled in a district which he had in a sense made his own by laborious investigation, he showed his sincerity of purpose and noble nature by the way he speaks of those who had forestalled and, as he thought, slighted him. It is with unstinted admiration that he alludes to the way in which, though ill-equipped, the Pilgrim Fathers had held their own against the savages, planted and saved their crops, and even relieved wandering Englishmen out of their scanty stock, for which nothing but ingratitude and ill-treatment were returned. He applauds also their strict but just attitude towards the Indians, the prompt-

ness with which they had punished insult or outrage on their part, and the benefits which had resulted from it.

All this was in marked contrast with the Indian question in Virginia, from whence the news of a great massacre of settlers had just arrived. Powhatan was dead, and so, of course, was Pocahontas, whose influence as a prominent settler's wife might possibly have had a good effect with her people, had she lived to return. Opecancanough, who had given Smith, it will be remembered, such frequent trouble, was now emperor or suzerain of the tribes around the English settlements, and there was a tradition among them that he was not a Virginian Indian at all, but a mysterious stranger from Mexico. Mexican or Virginian, whichever he was, he proved himself a crafty and formidable foe.

Much had happened in Virginia since Smith's departure. An increasing population had scattered in settlements far up and down the river, as has been already told. Jamestown, with its bad sanitary reputation, remained but a shabby ill-built little capital. Tobacco for market, with maize and wheat for bread, filled the thoughts and days of the once factious and idle population, which now numbered about four thousand in all. Free government, the work of Sir Edwin Sandys, had been granted them, in spite of the King, who much misliked it, and about ten different settlements now returned two burgesses apiece to a General Assembly. The thin end of the wedge of African slavery had been introduced, a score or so of negroes having been landed by a trader and sold in the Colony. Two consignments of respectable young Englishwomen, about a hundred and fifty in all, had been shipped out, and the historic

scene at Jamestown when they were sold to the planters assembled from all parts of the Colony for a hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco apiece had been enacted with complete success. The Indians, as mentioned elsewhere, had come to be regarded as a pacified and well-disposed inferior race, going and coming among the settlers as a part of their daily life. But the race animosity was there, if dormant, and Opecancanough determined to kindle it. It is a long story, but if small things may be likened to great ones, the secrecy with which he matured his plans and the fidelity with which the whole Indian population combined in his devilish scheme is curiously suggestive of the Indian Mutiny of 1857. The plot took four years to mature, and when the blow fell men and women in all parts of the Colony were struck down upon the same day, often by the hands of natives with whom they had been in daily and friendly intercourse. Three hundred and fifty-seven had been massacred, when a large portion, at any rate, of the rest were saved by a single relenting savage who warned them in the nick of time. England was horrified, and once more Virginia gained an evil notoriety. Smith had steadily foretold something of this kind, though as a prophet crying in the wilderness, since the time when the settlers, relying on the Indian's professions of friendship, had abandoned all pretence of precaution against them. He did not remind the Company too insistently of this; but he drew up a scheme for the defence of the Colony and formally offered to organise it in person. The Company, however, did not consider themselves able to afford the expense; and indeed their finances were now in such a bad condition that, partly on this account and partly on account

of the massacre, the King and the Court party saw their way to withdrawing the charter, and did so. The old Company was dissolved, and Virginia attached to the Crown. Perhaps its time had come, but the Company had spent £150,000 on the Colony and sent out in all nine thousand colonists, and these figures for that time are formidable.

James, having thus easily got rid of that popular government which his English, and more especially his Spanish friends, were always telling him would some day be the ruin of England, now sat down to frame a code of government for the Colony with his own pen. Death interfered with the completion of this precious document, and we may now leave Virginia to pursue for a hundred and fifty years a prosperous and uneventful existence relieved by the one single incident of the somewhat dramatic rising in 1676 known as Bacon's Rebellion. Indeed, some apology might be needed for following its fortunes, even at this length, when Smith no longer guided them, if it were not for the fact that our hero being so intimately associated with all that concerns early Virginia, the precise spot at which to wholly abandon the latter is not easy in any monograph of its founder, for as such, in spite of companies, titles, charters, and sceptics, he always has been and always will be regarded.

Long before this Smith had written his *Description of New England*, greatly insisting on this name for the country, and had dedicated it to Prince Charles. In this he gives a long list of the Indian names for various points upon its coast, and begs the Prince to give them less barbarous ones. The Prince did his best, but the result

was not one for which the more enlightened portion of posterity is wholly grateful. Happily numbers of the euphonious Indian names have successfully survived to this day those bestowed on them in his Royal Highness's revision.

It would seem to have been made in some sort a reproach against Smith in his closing years that he had been unlucky. A more common-place mind would eagerly have accepted this solution of his failure to acquire wealth or to figure as the head of a prosperous colony; but he thought differently, and his answer is so characteristic of the man as to merit quotation.

> Now if you but truly consider how many strange accidents have befallen these plantations and myself; how oft up, how oft down, sometimes near despair, and ere long flourishing: how many scandals and Spanolized English have sought to disgrace them, bring them to ruin, or at least hinder them all they could; how many have shaven and cozened both them and me, and their most honourable supporters and well-willers: you cannot but conceive God's infinite mercy both to them and me. Having been a slave to the Turks, prisoner among the most barbarous savages, after my deliverance commonly discovering and ranging those large rivers and unknown nations with such a handful of ignorant companions that the wiser sort often gave me [up] for lost, always in mutinies, wants, and miseries, blown up with gunpowder, a long time a prisoner among French pirates, from whom escaping in a little boat by myself, and adrift all such a stormy winter night, when their ships were split, more than a hundred thousand pounds lost [which] they had taken at sea, and most of them drowned upon the Isle of Rhé, not far from whence I was driven on shore in my little boat, etc., and many a score of the worst of winter months [have] lived in the fields: yet to have lived near thirty-seven years in the midst of wars, pestilence and famine, by which many an hundred thousand have died about me, and scarce five living

of them [that] went first with me to Virginia; and yet to see the fruits of my labours thus well begin to prosper: though I have but my labour for my pains, have I not much reason both privately and publicly to acknowledge it and give God thanks, whose omnipotent power only delivered me, to do the utmost of my best to make his name known in those remote parts of the world, and his loving mercy to such a miserable sinner.

There is also a deep and proper contempt on Smith's part for the mere patentee, the monopoliser, the land-speculator, whose aims were ignoble, hostile to the public weal, and ridiculous in design,—men who carried maps (Smith's own very often) to the King and his Ministers, and tried to wring concessions out of them of vast unsettled tracts, with the expectation that future settlers, or fishermen, would pay tax or tribute for developing them, while the patentee sat idly at home. But the great Companies were, of course, by no means in this category. The Plymouth Company, for instance, had found much money for the Pilgrim Fathers of the *Mayflower*, as well as carried them across the Atlantic. Isolated groups of Englishmen had settled in the next few years along the coast. But when in 1629 "those noble gentlemen" Winthrop and his friends, with a thousand settlers, sailed for New England, and when as Governor of the Company of Massachusetts Bay he welded the scattered settlements into an enduring commonwealth, Smith felt he might now well sing his *nunc dimittis*. It was too late for him to take his share in the new life; though only fifty he was too weak and worn to face the hardships that settlement in North America then involved; otherwise he would unquestionably have gone with Winthrop and his broader-minded

contingent. He may well have cast wistful eyes across the Atlantic where the type of men and women it had been the dream and passion of his life to lead Westward were now clustering thickly on the shore with scarce a weakling or a wastrel among them. It does seem hard, and one feels almost inclined to contest his own noble deprecation of those who branded him as unlucky. The very rocks and rivers beside which this new commonwealth had struck its roots so deep, Smith had himself named, when in former years, with a small craft and half a score of companions, he had threaded its waters and tramped its forests while he dreamed of thriving settlements to come.

Smith seems to have had no settled home after his return to England. The Lincolnshire Wolds would have been a most inconvenient base at that period of history from which to publish books intended to stimulate an adventurous age to fresh endeavours; and, as we have seen, his propagandist work was mainly done in Devonshire and Cornwall, the most promising districts for enterprising souls of all classes. It seems probable, however, that he made London his headquarters, and, lonely bachelor as he was, stayed a good deal in the houses of his friends. His first book was that of the *True Relation*, an account of the Virginian doings, written out there and published in 1608; the last was *Advertisements for the Inexperienced, or the Pathway to erect a Plantation*, published in 1630, the year before he died, and written at the house of Sir Hugh Mildmay in Essex. All except his book entitled an *Accidence for Young Seamen*, and the work which described his early Eastern adventures, related to North America and the West

Indies. There are fourteen books in all, some published together, and others containing partial reprints of former works. Some of them, again, are the accounts of events in which Smith took no personal part, written and signed by friends of his own, and, with one exception, edited by him. There are also about thirty poems composed in his honour by friends and followers who shared his toils and dangers. For this, among other things, Smith has been accused of vanity. In the first place, such a proceeding was quite in keeping with the fashion of the time; in the second, he had been the victim of so much abuse and misrepresentation, it is no wonder that he should retaliate with these metrical testimonials from honest soldiers and sailors who rhymed not only from the fulness of their heart but of their experience.[1]

It is not too much to say that Smith's writings afford a liberal education in the methods, manners, sentiments, and hopes of the men who were in the forefront of English colonisation in that stirring age. We are not only brought into intimate relations with the men themselves, but with every detail that surrounded them,—the very clothes they wore, the arms they used, the food they ate, the ships they sailed in. Yet as one follows the text of either Smith or his friends, with their clumsy contrivances and crude visions of the Western world, across the sea and into the wilderness, one realises how little human nature after all is affected by the giant strides in human science and human wit. The Tudor wastrel, for instance, did at Jamestown

[1] These were all collected and published by Professor Arber (*The English Scholar's Library*, No. 16), to whom all students and admirers of Smith's career are deeply indebted.

precisely what the Victorian wastrel does to-day in circumstances sufficiently similar. He made a bowling-green amid the tree-stumps, and then played about just so long as any one would feed him and his clothes and trinkets remained to barter for provisions; then, at Jamestown, as he could not come home, he died.

For the last ten or twelve years of his life Smith felt, not the need of employment, for he was always busy, but a consciousness that his existence was wholly devoid of those stirring exploits which caught the public eye, and to which his personal bent inclined. Having been in early life such a prince of adventurers, he not unnaturally felt the contrast of his after existence. He was not unhappy in it, but he smarted at shafts which were sometimes hurled at him for his seeming abandonment of an adventurer's life. Yet what he was labouring at he felt persuaded was so infinitely more important to mankind than mere gold-seeking and buccaneering, that he put aside his own vanities and disappointments. If his designs, he says bitterly, had been to persuade men to a gold mine that contained no gold, or some new pass to the South Sea, or to plunder a Spanish monastery, or to rob poor fishermen and honest merchants on the high seas, he would not have had to preach long in vain. That he was on friendly or intimate terms with the leading promoters of colonisation is pretty evident; but this could not console him for the failure of all his efforts to interest them substantially in the enterprise, the success of which, at the hands of others, came just in time to prove once more that Smith had been right and his superiors wrong.

Yet, if he ate his heart out in those closing years,

and got neither reward nor recognition, Smith would have no cause to complain of the way in which posterity has treated him. In America, at any rate, his homely name needs neither statue nor obelisk to keep it green. Yet it is strange enough, till quite recent years at any rate, how neglected and unvisited was that ancient cradle of Anglo-American dominion on the banks of the James. The outlook is wide and solitary. Neither by land nor sea does the stir of modern American life disturb for a moment the measured beat of the waves upon the shore, nor ruffle the weedy fields and yet ample woodlands where lurking memories of the old colonial life give a strange interest to a half-forgotten, half-forsaken region. The pious pilgrim could not indeed desire an atmosphere more suited to his mood. The waves of ocean, unhappily, are no respecters of soils, sacred or profane, and upon that of Jamestown they have made steady and persistent inroads. The site of the streets has long vanished, and nothing remains but a ruinous ivy-clad church-tower and a few cracked old gravestones bearing inscriptions and coats of arms of the seventeenth century.

John Smith died in London on June 21st, 1631. He was then residing in the house of Sir Samuel Saltonstall, a wealthy Puritan, in sympathy with his friend's colonial schemes, and himself engaged with the Winthrop Colony. Smith's will is extant, and though its details are unimportant, they serve to show that the testator died possessed of his small Lincolnshire property, and practically of nothing more. He was buried in the church of St. Sepulchre, and, till the Fire of London consumed it, his tomb was marked by a long and elaborate epitaph to one who, among other things—

Subdued Kings unto his yoke,
And made those Heathen fly, as wind doth smoke;
And made their land, being of so large a station,
A habitation for our Christian nation:

. . . . . .

But what avails his conquest, now he lyes
Inter'd in earth, a prey for worms and flies?
O may his soul in sweet Elysium sleep
Until the Keeper, that all souls doth keep,
Return to judgment, and that after thence
With Angels he may have his recompence.

THE END

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